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Arden of Feversham. 1592.



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Arden of Febersham

1592

Date of first known edition, 1592

[Dyce Bequest, Victoria and Albert Museum]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Arden of Feversham

1592

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

Arden of Feversham

1592

“Arden of Feversham” was entered by Edward White on the Stationers’ books on April 3, 1592, and the play was issued shortly after entry. The copy used for this facsimile forms part of the Dyce bequest at South Kensington, but, as this is imperfect, the missing leaves have been supplied from the Bodleian example.

The South Kensington volume was apparently Dyce’s working copy.

A second edition appeared in 1599, and a third in 1633. The play in all early editions is extremely rare. Modern reprints are more numerous, some of them valuable for their critical treatment of the questions of dates and authorship, especially the Shakespearean ascription.

Comparison with the original Dyce copy shows this reproduction to be equal in merit to the rest of the series in spite of increased difficulties of manipulation. There is no proper studio at South Kensington, as at the British Museum, and though this fact has not tended to minimise either difficulty or cost, there are no “faults” of any material consequence.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
LAMENTA-
BLE AND TRUE TRA-
GEDIE OF M. AR-
DEN OF FEVERSHAM
IN KENT.

*Who was most wickedly murdered, by
the meanes of his disloyall and wanton
wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one
Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruf-
fins Blackwill and Shakbag,
to kill him.*

Wherin is shewed the great mal-
lice and discimulation of a wicked wo-
man, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust
and the shamefull end of all
murderers.

*Imprinted at London for Edward
White, dwelling at the lyttle North
dore of Paules Church at
the signe of the
Gun, 1592,*

*



The Tragedy of M. Arden of Feuershame.

(Enter Arden, and Francklin)

Franklin **A** Rden there by thy spirits and do you no more
By gracious Lord by Duke of Sommerset;
Hath freely giuen to thee and to thy heires,
By letters patents from his Maiesty:
All the lands of the Abby of Feuershame. (kings,
Here are the Deedes sealed & subscribed in his name and the
Read them, and leaue this melancholy mode

Arden. Francklin thy loue prolongs my weary lyfe,
And but for thee, how odious were this lyfe:
That shoues me nothing but torments my soule.
And those foule obiects that offend myne eyes,
Which makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen,
The earth hung ouer my hede and couerd mee.
Loue letters past twixt Mosbie and my Wyfe,
And they haue prouie meetings in the Towne:
Pay on his finger did I spy the Ring,
Which at our Marriage day the Priest put on,
Can any graefe be halfe so great as this?

Fran. Comfozt thy selfe swete frænd it is not strange,
That women will be false and wauering.

Arden. I but to doat on such a one as hee
Is monstrous Francklin, and intollerable.

Francklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher and no better at the first,
Who by base brocage, getting some small stock:
Crept into seruice of a noble man:
And by his seruile flattery and fawning,
Is now become the steward of his house,
And brauely lets it in his liken govt ne.

Fran. No noble man will countenance such a peasant,

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not nice,
But through his fauour let not him grow proude,
For were he by the Lord Drote to backt,
We should not make me to be pointed at,
I am by birth a gentle man of blode,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And that inlorious riball that attempts,
 To vpolate my deare wyues chastitie,
 (For deare I holde hir loue, as deare as heauen)
 Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile,
 See his disseuered ioints and sinewes tozne,
 Whylst on the planchers, pants his weary body,
 Smeard in the channels of his lustfull blode.

Fran. Be patient gentle frænd and learne of me,
 To ease thy griefe, and saue her chastitye:
 Tutreat her faire, swæte words are fittest engines
 To race the sint walles of a womans bzeast:
 In any case be not too felypoule,
 For make no question of her loue to thæ,
 But as securely, presently take hourse,
 And ly with me at London all this tearme
 For women when they may, will not,
 But bæing kept back, straight grow outragious.

Arden. Thongh this abhoyres from reason yet ile try it
 And call her forth, and presently take leaue: Ho w Ales,
 Heere entes ales.

Ales. Husband what meane you to get vp so earely.
 Sommer nights are thort, and yet you ryse ere day,
 Had I bæene wake you had not rise so sone.

Arden. Swæte loue thou knowst that we two Ouid like
 Hæue often chid the morning, when it gan to peepe,
 And often wisht that darke nights purblind bæedes,
 Would pall her by the purple mantle back:
 And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.
 But this night swæte Ales thou hast kild my hart,
 I heard thee tal on Mosbie in thy slepe.

Ales. It is lyke I was a slepe when I nam'd him,
 For bæing awake he comes not in my thoughts:

Arden. I but you started vp, and suddenly
 In bæde of him: caught me about the necke.

Ales. In bæde of him: why, who was there but you,
 And where but one is, how can I mistake.

Fran.

Fran. Arden leaue to vj dge her ouer farre.

Arden. Nay loue there is no credit in a by game,
Let it suffice I know thou louest me well.

Ales. Now I remember where vpon it came,
Had we no talke of Mosbie yesternight.

Fra. Mistres Ales I hard you name him once or twice,

Ales. And thereof came it, the retoze blame not me.

Arden. I know it did, and therefore let it passe,
I must to London swaete Ales presently.

Ales. But tell me do you meane to stay there long?

Arden. No longer there till my affaires be done.

Fran. He will not stay about a month at most.

Ales. A moneth aye me, swaete Arden come againe
Within a day or two, or els I die.

Arden. I cannot long be from the gentle Ales,
Whilest, Michel fetch our hozses from the field,
Franklin and I will down vnto the key:
For I haue certaine goods there to vnlod,
Meane while prepare our breakfast gentle Ales,
For yet ere none wele take hozse and away,

Excunt Arden, & Francklin.

Ales. Ere none he meanes to take hozse and away:
Swate newes is this, Ob that some ayze spirit,
Would in the shape and liknes of a hozse
Galloye with Arden crosse the Ocean,
And throw him from his backe into the waues.
Swate Mosbie is the man that hath my hart:
And he vsurpes it, hauing nought but this,
That I am tyed to him by marriage.

Loue is a God and marriage is but words,
And therefore Mosbies title is the best,
To the whether it be or no, he shall be mine,
In spight of him, of Hymen and of ryles.

Here enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.

And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce,
I hope he byzings me tydings of my loue.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

How now Adam, what is the newes with you?
Be not affraid my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whome you wot of Mosbie & Iures Ales,
Is come to towne, and sends you word by me,
In any case you may not visit him.

Ales. Not visit him?

Adam. No no; take knowledge of his being here

Ales. But tell me is he angry or displeas'd.

it

Adam. Should same so, for he is wondrous sad.

Ales. Were he as mad as raving Hercules,

Ile sa him, I and were thy house of force.
These hands of mine should race it to the ground:
Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay and you be so impatient Ile be gone

Ales. Stay Adam, ~~for~~ thou wert wont to be my friend

Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wrath,
Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice: x
With which we plaid for kisses many a tyme,
And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee:
Such winning and such losing, Ioue send me,
And bid him if his loue do not decline,

to Come this morning but along my doze:

And as a stranger, but salute me there,

This may he do without suspect or feare.

Adam. Ile tell him what you say, and so farewell.

Exit Adam.

Ales. Do, and one day Ile make amends for all:

I know he loues me well, but dares not come,

Because my husband is so Ielious:

Marrow
kindnes

And these my marrow pying neighbours blab,

Winder our matings when we would conferre:

But if I liue that block shall be remoued,

And Mosbie, thou that comes to me by selfth

Shalt neither feare the biting speach of men,

For Ardens looke, as surely shall he die,

As I abhozre him, and loue onely thee.

Here

of Fewershame.

Here enters Michaell.

How now Michaell, whether are you going?

Michael. To fetch my masters nagge,
I hope youle thinke on mee.

Ales. I But Michaell see you keepe your oath,
And be as secret, as you are resolute.

Michael. He see he shall not live above a weeke.

Ales. On that condition Michaell here is my hand
Done shall haue Possies siller but thy selfe.

Michael. I vnderstand the Painter here hard by,
Hath made repozte that he and Sue is sure.

Ales. There's no such matter Michaell believe it not,

Michael. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart,
With a verse or two stolen from a painted cloath:
The which I here the wench keepes in her chest,
Well let her kepe it, I shall finde a fellow
That can both write and read, and make rime too,
And if I do, well, I say no moze:

He send from London such a taunting letter,
As shall eat the hart he sent with salt.

And sing the dagger at the Painters head.

Ales. What needes all this, I say that Susan's thine

Michael. Why then I say that I will kill my master
Or any thing that you will haue me do.

Ales. But Michaell see you do it cunningly.

Michael. Why say I should be toke, ile nere confesse,
That you know any thing, and Susan being a Maide,
Shay begge me from the gallous of the Shyiefe.

Ales. Truste not to that Michaell.

Michael. You can not tell me, I haue sene it I,
But mistres tell her whether I lue or die.
Ile make her moze woozth then twenty Painters can,
For I will rid myne elder brother away:
And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.
Who would not venture upon house and iand?
When he may haue it for a right downe blowe.

1616

A. 4.

Here

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Here enters Mosbie.

Ales. Ponder comes Mosbie, Michaell get thee gone,
And let not him nor any knowe thy drifts.

Exit Michaell.

Mosbie my loue,

Mosbie. Away I say, and talke not to me now.

Ales. A word or two swete hart, and then I will,
Tis yet but early daies, thou needst not feare.

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Ales. Tis now high water, and he is at the key.

Mos. Where let him be, hence sozward know me not.

Ales. Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?

Is this the frute thy reconcilment buds?

Haue I soz this giuen thee so many fauours,

Incurd my husbands hate, and out alas,

Made shipwack of myne honour soz thy sake,

And dost thou say hence sozward know me not?

Remember when I lockt the in my closet,

What were thy woords and mine, did we not both

Decree, to murder Arden in the night.

The heauens can witnes, and the woorld can tell,

Befoze I saw that falshode loke of thine,

Foze I was tangled with thy tyling speach,

Arden to me was dearer then my soule,

And shall be still, base peasant get thee gone.

And boast not of thy conquest ouer me,

Gotten by witch-craft, and more sozcery.

Foz what hast thou to countenance my loue,

baeing discended of a noble house,

And matcht already with a gentleman,

Whose seruant thou maist be, and so farewell.

Mos. Ungentle and unkinde Ales, now I see

That which I euer feard, and finde to true;

A womans loue is as the lightning flame,

Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe,

To frye thy constancie haue I bene strange,

would

of Feuershame.

Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope.

Ales. What needs thou try me, whom thou neuer found

Mos. Yet pardon me for loue is Felious, (false,

Ales. So list the Sailer to the Parmads song,

So lokes the trauellour to the Basilike, *Basilike*

I am content for to be reconcilde,

And that I know will be mine ouerthrow.

Mos. Whine ouerthrow: first let the world dissolve,

Ales. Nay God bie let me still inioye thy loue,

And happen what will, I am resolute,

My sauing husband howdes by bagges of gold,

To make our thidzen rich, and now is he

Gone to vnload the gods that shall be thine,

And he and francklin will to London straight.

Mos. To London Ales, if thoult be ruide by me,

Wæle make him sure enough for comming there.

Ales. Ah, would we could.

Mos. I happend on a Painter yesternight,

The onely cunning man of Christendomes:

For he can temper poyson with his oyle,

That who so lokes vpon the worke he drawes,

Shall with the beames that issue from his sight,

Suck venom to his breast and slay him selfe,

Swæte Ales he shall draw thy counterfet,

That Arden may by gazing on it perishe.

Ales. I but God bie that is dangcrous,

For thou or I, or any other els,

Commig into the Chamber where it hangs, may die.

Mos. I but wæle haue it couered with a cloath,

And hang vp in the Studie for himselfe.

Ales. It may not be, for when the pictur's drawne,

Arden I know will come and shew it me.

Mos. Feare not wæle haue that shall serue the turne,

This is the painters house He call him sooth.

Ales. But God bie. He haue no such picture I:

Mos. I pray the leaue it to my discretion. How, Clarke

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Here enters Clarke.

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You are an honest man of your word, you serud me wel,

Clark. Why sir, ile do it for you at any time,

Provided as you have given your word,

I may haue Susan Bosbie to my wife:

For as sharpe witted Poets, whose swete verse

Make heavenly gods bzeak of their pector draughts,

And lay their eares down to the lowly earth:

Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,

So we that are the Poets fauozits,

Must haue a loue, I, Loue is the Painters Muse.

That makes him frame a speaking countenaunce.

A weeping eye that witnesses hartes grieffe.

Then tell me Master Mosbie shall I haue hir?

Ales. 'Tis pittie but he should, hee vse her well.

Mosbie Clarke hears my hand my siter shall be thine,

Cl. When brother to requite this curtesie,

You shall command my lye my skill and all.

Ales. Ah that thou couldst be secret,

Mosbie. Feare him not, leaue, I haue talkt sufficient,

Cl. You know not me, that ask such questions.

Let it suffice, I know you loue him well,

And faine would haue your husband made away:

Wherem trust me you shew a noble minde,

That rather then youle lue with him you hate,

Youle venture lye, and die with him you loue,

The like will I do for my Susans sake.

Ales. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed,

But Mosbies loue, might I without controll,

Intoy the still, then Arden should not die:

But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough swete Ales, thy kinde words makes me

Your tricke of popsoned pictures we dislike, (melt,

Some other popson would do better farre.

Ales. I such as might be put into his both,

And yet in taste not to be found at all.

Clarke.

of Feuershame.

Clarke. I know your minde, and here I haue it for you,
But but a dram of this into his drinke,
Or any kinde of broth that he shall eat:
And he shall die within an houre after.

Ales. As I am a gentle woman Clarke, next day
Thou and Susan shall be married.

Mof. And Ile mak her dowry moze the ile talk of Clark,

Clarke. Ponder's your husband, Forbie ile be gone.

Here enters Arden and Francklin.

Ales. In god time, see where my husband comes,
Maister Forbie aske him the question your selfe.

Exit Clarke.

Mof. Maister Arden, being at London yester night,
The Abby lands whereof you are now posses,
Were offered me on some occasion,
By Greens one of sir Antony Agers men:
I pray you sir tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Forby that question wele decyde anon,
Altho make ready my breakfast, I must hence.

Exit Ales.

As for the lands mosbie they are mine,
By letters patents from his Maiesty:
But I must haue a Mandat for my wyfe.
They say you seeke to robbe me of her lone.
Willaine what makes thou in her company,
For as companion for so base a grome.

Mosbie Arden I thought not on her, I came to the,
But rather then I pocket vp this wrong.

Francklin. What will you do sir?

Mof. Reuenge it on the proudest of you both:

Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.

Arden. So sirbs, you may not weare a sword,
The statute makes against artificers,
I warrand that I doo, now vse your bodkin,
Your spanish needle, and your presting Iron.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

For this shall go with me, and marke my words,
You godman butcher, tis to you I speake,
Wh: next time that I take thee neare my house,
In steele of Legs Ile make thee crall on stumps.

Mof. Ah maister Arden you haue iniurde me,
I doe appeale to God, and to the world.

Fran. Why canst thou deny, thou wert a butcher once,

Mof. Pleasure me what I am, not what I was.

Ar. Why what art thou now, but a Heluet Dudge,
A cheating felward, and base minded peasant.

Mof. Arden now thou hast belcht and vomited,
The rancozous benome of thy mis-swolne hart,
Heare me but speake, as I intend to live
With God, and his elected saints in heauen,
I neuer meant moze to solicit her,
And that she knowes, and all the world shall see,
I loucd her once, swete Arden pardon me.
I could not chuse, her beauty syzed my hearte,
But time hath quencht these ouerraging coles,
And Arden though I now frequent thy house,
Tis for my sisters sake, her waiting maid
And not for hers, maiesst thou enjoy her long:
Hell see and wyathfull vengeance light on me,
If I dishonoz her or iniure thee.

Ard. Woblie with these thy protestations,
The deadly hatred of my hart is appeased,
And thou and Ie be freends, if this pzoone trew. ~~how~~
As for the base tearmes I gaue thee lately
Forget them Woblie, I had cause to speake:
When ail the Knights and gentlemen of Bent,
Make common table talke of her and thee. tongues,

Mof. Who liues that is not toucht with slaunders

Fra. When Woblie, to eschew the speache of men,
Upon whose generall bzute all honoz hangs,
Forbeare his house.

Ard. Forbeare it, nay rather frequent it moze.

The

of Feuershame.

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The woꝛlde shall see that I distrust her not,
To warne him on the suddē from my house,
Where to confirme the rumour that is growne.

Mof. By faith my sir you say true,
And therefore will I sojourne here a while,
Untill our enemies haue talkt their fill.
And then I hope theile cease, and at last confesse,
How causeles they haue iniurde her and me.

Ard. And I will ly at London all this tearme,
To let them see how light I wey their woꝛds.

Here enters Ales.

Ales. Husband sit down, your breakfast will be could,

Ard. Come M. Mosbie will you sit with vs,

Mof. I can not eat, but ile sit for company.

Ard. Sirra Michaell see our horse be ready.

Ales. Husband why pause ye, why eat you not,

Ard. I am not well, there something in this broth
That is not wholesome, didst thou make it Ales?

Ales. I did, and thats the cause it likes not you,
Then she throwes down the broth
on the grounde.

There nothing that I do can please your taste.
You were best to say I would haue poysoned you,
I cannot speak or cast aside my eye:
But he imagines, I haue stept awy.
Here he that you cast in my teeth so oft,
How will I be conuincd, or purge my selfe,
I charge thee speake to this mistrustfull man,
Thou that wouldst see me hange, thou M of bye thou,
What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse.
At comming or departing from the Towne?

Mof. You wrong your selfe and me, to cast these doubts
Your louing husband is not Ielious.

Ard. Why gentle mistres Ales, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuse your selfe.

Franchline thou haste a boxe of Pethydate,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ile take a litle to pzeuent the woꝝt.

Fran. Do so, and let vs pzeisntly take hoꝝle,
My lyfe foꝝ yours ye shall do well enough.

Ales. Giue me a sponne, Ile eat of it my selfe,
Would it were full of popson to the hzim.
When should my cares and troubles haue an end,
Was euer silly woman so toꝝmented?

Arden. We patient swaete lone, I mistrust not the,

Ales. God will reuenge it Arden if thou doest.

foꝝ neuer woman lou'd her husband better, the I do the,

Arden. I know it swaete Ales, cease to complaine:

Least that in teares I answer the againe.

Fran. Come leaue this dallying, and let vs away.

Ales. foꝝbeare to wound me with that bitter woꝝd,

Arden shall go to London in my armes.

Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must go,

Ales. Will thou to London then, and leaue me here?

Wh if thou loue me gentle Arden stay,

Yet if thy busines be of great Impoꝝt

Go if thou wilt Ile beare it as I may:

But wꝝite from London to me euery wꝝake,

Stay euery day, and stay no longer there

When thou must nedes, least that I die foꝝ soꝝrow.

Arden. Ile wꝝite vnto thee euery other tide,

And so farewell sweete Ales till we meete next.

Ales. Farewell Husbaud seing youle haue it so.

And M. Francklin, seing you take him hence,

In hope youle hasten him home Ile giue you this

and then she kisseth him.

Fran. And if he stay the fault shall not be mine,
Hosbie farewell. and see you keepe your oath.

Mosbie I hope he is not Felions of me now.

Arden. No Hosbie no, hereafter thinke of me,

As of your dearest friend, and so farewell.

Excunt Arden, Franklin, & Michaell.

Ales. I am glad he is gone, he was about to stay.

But

of Feuershame.

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But did you marke me then how I brake of:

Mosbie I Ales, and it was cunningly perfozmed,
But what a villaine is this painter Clarke:

Ales. Was it not a godly popson that he gaue:

Why he's as well now, as he was befoze.

It should haue bene some fine confection,
What might haue giuen the broth some daintie taste,
This powder was so grosse and populos.

Mosbie But had he eaten but thre sponefulles more,
Then had he died, and our loue continued.

Ales. Why so it shall Mosbie, albeit he liue,

Mosbie. It is vnpossible, for I haue swozne,
Peuer hereafter to solicite the,

Whylest he liues; once more impoztune the.

Ales. Thou shalt not neede I will impoztune the.

What shall an oath make thee forsake my loue?

As if I haue not swozne as much my selfe,

And giuen my hand vnto him in the church,

Such Mosbie oathes are wordes, and wordes is winde, are

And winde is mutable: then I conlude,

His childishnes to stand vpon an oath.

Mos. Well proued Mistres Ales, yet by your leave,
He keepe mine vnbzoken, whilest he liues.

Ales. I doo, and spare not: his time is but short,

For if thou beest as resolute as I,

Wele haue him murdered, as he walkes the streets:

In London many alehouse Ruffins keepe,

Which as I heare will murther men for gould,

They shall be soundly fed. to pay him home:

Here enters Greene.

Mos. Ales whats he that comes yonder, knowest thou

Ales. Mosbie he gone, I hope tis one that comes (him
To put in practise our intended vizits.

Exit Mosbie.

Gre. Mistres Arden you are well met,
I am sorry that your husband is from home,

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

When as my purposed iourney was to him,
Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine:
For I suppose that you can full discourse,
And flat resolue me of the thing I seeke.

Ales. What is it maister Greene? If that I may
Or can, with safety, I will answer you.

Greene. I heard your husband hath the grant of late,
Confirmed by letters patents from the king,
Of all the lands of the Abby of Feuerthame,
Generally intituled, so that all former grants,
Are cut of, whereof I my selfe had one,
But now my interest by that is void,
This is all mistres Arden, is it trew no? no?

Ales. Trew maister Greene, the lands are his in state,
And whatsoever leases were befoze,
Are void for tearme of Maister Ardens lyfe:
He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

Gre. Pardon me mistres Arden, I must speake,
For I am toucht, your husband doth me wrong:
Do wronging me from the little land I haue.
By living is my lyfe, onely that
Resteth remainder of my portion.

Desyre of welth is endles in his minde,
And he is greddy gaping still for gaine,
For cares he though young gentlemen do begge,
So he may scrape and hwyde vp in his poutche,
But seeing he hath taken my lands, He value lyfe:
As careles. as he is carefull for to get,
And tell him this from me, He be reuenged,
And so, as he shall wishe the Abby lands
Had rested still, within their former state.

Ales. Alas poore gentleman, I pittie you,
And wo is me that any man should want,
God knowes tis not my fault, but wonder not
Though he be harde to others, when to me,
Ah maister Greene, God knowes how I am vsde.

Greene

Gre. Why mistress Arden can the crabbed churle,
Use you unkindely, respects he not your birth?
Your honorable frānds, no? what you brought:
Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are

Ales. Ah. Crāne be it spoken in secret heere,
I neuer live god day with him alone:
When he is at home, then haue I froward lokes,
Hard words and blowes, to mend the match withall:
And though I might content as god a man,
Yet doth he keepe in euey cozner trulles,
And weary with his trugges at home,
Then rydes he straight to London, there soz soth
He reuelles it among such filthie ones,
As counsel him to make away his wyfe:
Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare:
In sozrow, so despairing of redyce
As euey day I willy with hartye prayer,
That he or I were taken sozth the woꝛlde.

Gre. Now trust me mistress Ales, it grāueth me,
So faire a creature should be so abused.
Why who would haue thought the ciuill sir, so follen,
He lokes so smothly ~~in~~ eye bpon him Churle,
And if he liue a day he liues too long,
But frolick woman, I shall be the man,
Shall set you free from all this discontent:
And if the Churle deny my intereste,
And will not yelde my lease into my hand,
He paye him home, what euer hap to me,

Ales. But speake you as you thinke?

Gre. I Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,
foz I had rather die then lose my land.

Ales. Then maister Greene be counsailed by me
Indaunger not your selfe, soz suth a Churle,
But hyze some Cutter soz to cut him thozt,
And hē's ten pound, to wager them with all.
When he is dead you shall haue twenty moze.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And the lands whereof my husband is posselt,
Shall be intytled as they were before.

Gre. Will you kepe promise with me?

Ales. D; count me false and perurbe, whilst I live,

Gre. Then hares my hand Ie haue him so dispatcht,
Ie by to London draight, Ie theaer poast,
And neuer reit, til I haue compairt it,
Iill then farewell.

Ales. God sfortune follow all your so;ward thoughts
Exit Grene,

And whosoouer doth attempt the da;de,
A happie hand I wish, and so farewell.

All this goes well, Possbie I long to; the
To let tye know all that I haue contriued.

Here enters Mosbie & Clarke.

Mos. How now Ales whats the newes,

Ales. Such as will content thee well swate hart,

Mos. Well let them passe a while, and tell me Ales,
How haue you dealt, and tempered with my siter
What will she haue my neighbour Clarke, o; no?

Ales. What P. Possbie let him wooe him self,
Thinke you that maides loke not so; faire wo;des,
Go to her Clarke has all alone within,
Michaell my man is cleane out of her bookes.

Clarke I thanke you mistres Arden, I will in;
And if faire Susan, and I can ~~make~~ a gree,
You shall command me to the vttermost.
As farre as either gods o; lye may streatch. Exit Clark.

Mos. Now Ales lets heare thy newes?

Ales. They be so good, that I must laugh so; ioy,
Before I can begin to tell my tale,

Mos. Lets heare them, that I may laugh so; company

Ales. This mo;ning P. Grene, dick grane I means,
From whome my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether railing so; to know the trueth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant,

I could

I tould him all, where at he stozmd a maine,
 And swoze he would cry quittance with the Churle,
 And if he did denye his entereff
 Stabbe him, whatsoeuer did befall him selfe,
 When as I saue his choller thus to rise,
 I whetted on the gentleman with woꝝds
 And to conlude, Possie, at last we grew
 To composition foꝝ my husbands death,
 I gane him ten pound to hire knaues,
 By some deuise to make a way the Churle:
 When he is dead, he should haust twenty moꝝe,
 And repossesse his foꝝmer lands againe,
 On this we grabd, and he is ridden straight
 To London, to bzing his death about.

Mos. But call you this good newes?

Ales. I swæte hart, be they not?

Mos. It were cherefull newes, to hear the churle swer
 But trust me Ales. I take it passing ill, (dead,
 You would be so foꝝgetfull of our state,
 To make recount of it to suery grome,
 What? to acquaint each stranger with our dzifts,
 Chæfely in case of murtber, why tis the way,
 To make it open vnto Ardens selfe.
 And bzing thy selfe and me to ruine both,
 Foꝝe warnde, foꝝe earnde, who thzeats his enemye
 Lends him a swoꝝd to guarde him selfe with all.

Ales. I did it foꝝ the best.

Mos. Well, seing tis don, cherey let it pas.
 You know this Crane, is he not religeous?
 A man I gesse of great deuotion.

Ales. He is.

Mos. When sweete Ales let it pas, I haue a dzift
 Will quyet all, what euer is amis.

Here enters Clarke and Susan.

Ales. How now Clarke, haue you found me false?
 Did I not plead the matter hard foꝝ you?

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Clarke. You did.

Mof. And what, wilt be a match,

Clarke. A match, I faith sir, the day is mine,
The Painter, layes his cullours to the lyfe,
His pensel draws no shadowes in his loue,
Susan is mine.

Ales. You make her blushe.

Mof. What sister is it Clarke must be the man?

Su. It resteth in your graunt, some words are past,
And happely we be growne vnto a match,
If you be willing that it shall be so?

Mof. Ah maister Clarke, it resteth at my grant,
You see my sister's yet at my dispose,
But so youle graunt me one thing I shall aske,
I am content my sister shall be yours.

Clark. What is it M. Mosbie?

Mof. I do remember once in secret talke,
You told me how you could compound by Arte,
A crucifixe impoysoned:

That who so take vpon it should ware blinde,
And with the tent be afflicted, that ere long,
He should dye poysond, that did view it wcl.
I would haue you make me such a crucifixe,
And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

Cl. Though I am loath, because it toucheth lyfe,
Yet rather or Ile leaue swete Susans loue,
Ile do it, and with all the haste I may.
But so? whome is it?

Ales. Leaueth that to vs, why Clarke is it possible,
That you should paint and draw it out your selfe,
The cullours being balefull and impoysoned,
And no waies prejudice your selfe with all?

Mof. Well questioned Ales,
Clarke how answer you that?

Cl. Very easly, Ile tell you straight,
How I do worke of these impoysoned drugs,

of Feuershame.

I fasten on my spectacles so close,
As nothing can any way offend my sight,
Then as I put a lease within my nose,
So put I Rubarbe to avoid the smell,
And softly as another worke I paint,

Mos. 'Tis very well, but against when shall I haue it,

Cl. Within this ten dayes,

Mos. It will serue the turne.

Now Ales lets in, and see what chère you képe,
I hope now M. Arden is from home,
Youle giue me leaue to play your husbands part.

Ales. Howbie you know whose maister of my hart,
He well may be the master of the house.

Ecunt, Exeunt.

Here enter Greene and Bradshaw,

Brad. See you them that come yonder M. Græne?

Green. I very well, do you know them?

Here enters Blacke Will and Shakebagge.

Brad. The one I knowe not, but he seemes a knaue,
Chæstly for bearing the other company:

For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,
Lyes not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will is his name I tell you M. Græne,
At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,
Where he plaid such prancks,
As all the Campe feard him for his villany:

I warrant you he beares so bad a minde,
That for a crowne hee'l murder any man.

Gre. The fitter is he for my purpose mary.

Will. How now fellow Bradshaw,

Whether away so earely?

Brad. O Will times are changed, no fellows now,
Though we were once together in the field,
Yet thy friend to do thee any good I can.

Will. Why Bradshawe was not thou and I,
Fellow souldiers at Bulloine:

(growne?)

Where I was a cozpozall, and thou but a base mercenarye

Will. What apparell had he,

Brad. A watchet sattin doublet all to fozne,
The inner side did beare the greater shew,
A paire of thred bare Weluet hose seame rent,
A wolsted stockin rent aboue the shoe,
A livery cloake, but all the lace was off,
It was bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate,

Will. Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remember
Since we trowld the boule at Sittingburgh,
Wher I vsok the Tapsters head of the Lyon
With a Cubgill sticke?

Shak. I very well Will.

Will. Why it was with the money that the plate was
Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him (couldst fo:
What can tell the who sould be thy plate?

Brad. Who I pray the god Will,

Will. Why it was one Jacke Fitten,
He's now in Newgate, fo: stealing a horse,
And shall be arrainde the next sise.

Brad. Why then let Lord Cheiny seek Jacke Fittē fo: th
Fo: He backe and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This chāres my hart M. Grene, He leaue you,
Fo: I must to the Ile of Shepp with spade,

Greene Beso: you go let me intreat you
To carry this letter to mistres Arden of Feuershame,
And humbly recommend me to her selfe.

Brad. What will I M. Grene, and so fare well.
Vare Will, theres a Crowne fo: thy god newes.

Exit Bradshawe.

Will. Farewell Bradshaw,

He drinke no water fo: thy sake, whilest this lasts:
Now gentleman, shall we haue your company to London.

Gre. Nay say sirs, a litle moze I needs must vse your
And is a matter of great consequence, (helpe,
Wherein if youle be secret and profound,
He giue you twenty Angels fo: your pames.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Will. How? twenty Angells? giue my fellow
George Watbag and me, twenty Angells,
And if thoult haue thy owne father slaine,
That thou mayst inherit his land, wæle kill him,

Shak. I thy Dother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy
Gie. Well this it is, Arden of Feuer shame, (kin.
Hath highly wrongd me about the Abby land,
That no reuendge but death will serue the turne:
Will you two kill him, hoeres the Angells dolne,
And I will lay the platfozme of his death:

Will. Plat me no platfozmes giue me the money,
And ile stab him as he stands pissing against a wall,
but Ile kill him.

Sha. Where is he?

Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate stræte,

Shak. He's dead, as if he had bene condemned
By an act of parliament, if once Black Will and I
Sweare his death,

Gre. Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,
He shall haue twenty more:

Will. My fingers itche to be at the pesant,
Ah that I might be set a worke thus through the yere,
And that murther would grow to an occupation:
That a man might without daunger of law,
Zounds I warrant, I should be warden of the company,
Come let vs be going, and wele bate at Rochester,
Where Ile giue thee a gallon of Sack,
So han sell the match with all. Exeunt,

Here enters Michael.

Mich. I haue gotten sache a letter,
As will touche the Painter, And thus it is.

Here enters Arden and Francklin, and heares

Michaell read this letter.

*My duerye remembred Mistres Susin, hoping in God you be in
good health, as I Michaell was at the making heereof. This is to
certifie you, that as the Turtle true, when she hath lost her mate,
sitteth*

of Feuershame.

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Reth alone, so I mourning for your absence, do walk up and down
 Poules, til one day I fell a sleepe and lost my maisters Pantophelles.
 Ah mistres Susan abbolishe that paltry Painter, cut him off by the
 shinnes, with a frowning looke of your crabed countenance. & think
 upon Michaell, who druncke with the dregges of your fauour, wil
 cleaue as fast to your loue, as a plaster of Pitch to a gald horse back
 Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate
 mercy of your meeke hands. I end.

Yours Michaell, or els not Michaell.

Ar. Why you paltrie knaue,
 Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,
 What haste my busines craues to send to Bent:
Fran. Faith friend Michaell, this is very ill,
 Knowing your maister hath no moze but you,
 And do ye slacke his busines for your owne?

Ar. Where is the letter Sirra, let me see it,
 Then he giues him the letter,

Se maister Francklin, heres proper stuffe.
 Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
 A crue of harlots all in loue forsooth,
 Sirra let me heare no moze of this.

Now for thy lye, once write to her a woꝛde.
 Here enter Greene, Will, and Shakebag,

Wilt thou be married to so base a troll.
 His Possies sister, come I once at home,
 Ile rouse her from remaining in my house:
Now M. Francklin let vs go walke in Paules,
 Come, but a turne oꝛ two and then away, **Exeunt.**

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,
 The other is Francklin Ardens dearest friend.

Will. Zounds Ile kill them all thre,

Gre. Nay Sirs, touch not his man in any case,
 But stand close, and take you fittest standing,
 And at his coming forth speede him:

Eo the Pages head, ther is this towards haunt,
 But now Ile leaue you till the deed be don: **Exit Greene**
D. **Shake,**

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of Feuersbame.

Sha. If he be not paid his owne nere trust Shakebagge

Wil. Sirra Shakbag, at his comming forth
He runne him throught, and then to the blackfrers,
And there take water and a way.

Sha. Why thats the best, but see thou misse him not.

Wil. How can I misse him, when I thinke on the fortye
Angels I must haue moze.

Here enters a Prentise,

Prentise. 'Tis very late, I were best shute vp my stall,
For here will be ould filching when the presse comes forth
of Paules. Then lettes he downe his window, and it
breaks Black Wils head.

Wil. Zounds draw Shakbag draw, I am almost kild.

Pren. Mele tame you I warrant.

Wil. Zounds I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Fran, & Michael.

Arden. What troublesome fray or mutany is this?

Fran 'Tis nothing but some bzaibling paltry fray.
Deuised to pick mens pockets in the throng.

Arden. If nothing els: come Franklin let vs away. Exeunt

Wil. What mends shal I haue for my broken head?

Pren. Hary this mends, that if you get you not away
All the sower, you shal be well beaten and sent to the coun-
ter. Exit prentise.

Wil. Well He be gone, but loke to your signes,
For He pull them down all.

Shakbag my broken head graues me not so much,
As by this meanes Arden hath escaped.

Here enters Greene:

Gre I had a glimpse of him and his companion.

Gre. Why sirs, Arden's as wel as I,
I met him and Francklin going merrilly to the ordinary,
What dare you not do it? (again,

Wil. Yes sir we dare do it, but were my consent to giue
We would not do it vnder ten pound moze.
I value euery drop of my blood at a french Crowne.

I haue

I haue had ten pound to steale a dogge,
 And we haue no moze heere to kill a man,
 But that a bargane is a bargane, and so for thy,
 You should do it your selfe.

Gre. I pray the how came thy head broke,

Will. Why thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

Sha. Standing against a staule, watching Ardens coming,
 A boy let down his shop window, and broke his head.
 Wherebpon arose a bzaul, and in the tumult
 Arden escapt vs, and pass by vntthought on.
 But forberance is no acquittance,
 Another time wele do it I warrant the.

Gre. I pray the will make cleane thy bloodie brow,
 And let vs bethink vs on some other place,
 Where Arden may be met with handsomly.
 Remember how deuontly thou hast swozne,
 To kill the villaine thinke vpon thyne oath.

Will. Tush, I haue broken siue hundred oathes,
 But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede?

Tell me of gould my resolutions see,
 Say thou seest Dolbie knæling at my knæs,
 Offering me seruice for my high attempt:
 And swæte Ales Arden with a lap of crownes.

Come with a lowly curly to the earth,
 Saying take this, but for thy quarterige,
 Such yereley tribute will I answer the.
 Why this would steale soft metled cowardice,
 With which black Will was neuer tainted *with dyet,*
 I tell the Greene the forlozne trauailer,
 Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,
 Here longd so much to see a running broke,
 As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.

Dost thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?
 From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
 Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why thats wel said, but what saith Shabbag?

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words,
But giue me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the Staruen Lynes
When she is by suckt of her eager young:
Sho wes to the pray that next encounters her,
In Arden so much pittie would I take.

Gre. So should it faire with men of firme resolute,
And now sirs seeing this accident,
Of meeting him in Daules hath no successe:
Let vs bethinke vs on some other place,
Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens blode.

Here enters Michael.

He ponder comes his man, and wat you wat,
The foolish knave is in loue with Gosbies sister;
And for her sake whose loue he cannot get,
Unless Gosbie solicit his sute.
The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his maister,
Wale question him, for he may dead vs muche:
How now Michael whether are you going?

Mic. My maister hath new lupt,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.

Gre. Where lupt M. Arden?

Mic. At the Pages head at the 18 pence ordinarie,
How now M. Shambag, what Blacke Wil,
Gods deere lady, how chaunce your face is so bloody?

Wil. Go to sirra, there is a chaunce in it.

This saluines in you wil make you be knockt.

Mic. Nay and you be offended ile be gone.

Gre. Stay michael you may not scape vs so.

Michael I knowe you loue your M. wel.

Mic. Why so I do, but wherefoze vudge you that?

Gre. Because I thinke you loue your mistres better,

Mic. So think not I, but say, yfaith what if I should?

Shak. Come to the purpose Michael, we heare

You haue a pretty loue in Feuer Game,

Mic. Why haue I two or thre, whats that to the?

Wil.

of Feuershame.

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Wil. You deale so mildly, with the peasant, thus it is,
His kowne to vs you loue most bies sister.
We know besides that you haue tane your oath,
To further Polbie to your mistres bed,
And kill your M. for his sisters sake.
Now sir, a poſſer toward then your selfe,
Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent.
How comes it then, that such a kinawe as you
Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

Gre. Ah will.

Will. Wh give me leaue, thers no more but this,
Sith thou hast swozne, we dare discover all.
And hadst thou oꝝ shouldst thou utter it,
We haue deuised a complat vnder hand
What euer shall betide to any of vs:
To send thee soundly to the diuell of hell.
And therefore thus, I am the very man,
Markt in my birth howe by the destinyes,
To give an end to Ardens lyfe on earth,
Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,
Whose edge must searce the closet of his breast.
Thy office is but to appoint the place,
And traine thy M. to his tragedy.
Myne to perfozme it, when occasion serues.
When be not nice, but here deuise with vs,
How and what way, we may conclude his death.

Sha. So shalt thou purchase, Polbie for thy fren.
And by his friendship gaine his sisters loue.

Gre. So shall thy mistres be thy fauozer,
And thou disburnd of the oath thou made.

Mic. Wel gentlemen I cannot but confesse,
Sith you haue vjdged me so aparantly,
That I haue bowed my M. Ardens death,
And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand,
Doth challenge naught but god delerts of me.
I wil delyuer ouer to your hands.

D.

Chis

The Tragedye of M. Arden

This night come to his house at Aldersgate,
 The doores Ile leaue vnlockt against you come.
 No sooner shall ye enter through the latch,
 Duer the thresholde to the inner court.
 But on your left hand shall you see the staires.
 That leads directly to my D. chamber.
 There take him and dispose him as ye please,
 Now it were god we parted company,
 What I haue promised, I will perforce.

Wil. Should you deceiue vs, twould go wrong to you,

Mic. I will accomplish al I haue reuealde, (a dog

Wil. Come let's go bynke, choller makes me as dzye as

Exeunt Will, Gre. and Shak.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. Thus fædes the Lambe securely on the downe,
 Whilst through the thicket of an arber byake,
 The hunger bitten Woulfe opeynes his hant,
 And takes aduantage to eat him vp.

Ah harmeles Arden how, how hast thou misdone,

That thus thy gentle lyfe is leueld at,

The many god turnes that thou hast don to me,

Now must I quitance with betraying thee.

I that should take the weapon in my hand,

And buckler thee from ill intending foes.

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,

As vn suspected, to the slaughterhouse:

So haue I swozne to Polby and my mistres.

So haue I promised to the slaughtermen.

And should I not deale currently with them,

Their lawles rage would take reuenge on me,

But I will spurne at mercy for this once.

Let pittie lodge where fæble women ly.

I am resolued, and Arden needs must die. Exit Michaell.

Here enters Arden & Fran.

Arden. No francklin no, if feare or sorrow threts,
 If loue of me, or care of womanhode,

of Feuershame.

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If feare of God, or common speach of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words,
And cooch dishonour, as dishonour buds.
Might ioyne repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turne the leafe,
And sorrow for her dissolution.

But she is rooted in her wickednes.

Peruerse and Stobburne, not to be reclaimde;

God counsell is to her as raine to wades
And reprehension makes her vice to grow,
As Hydraes head that perisht by decay.

Her faults me think are painted in my face.

For every searching eye to ouer rate.

And Hobbies name, a scandale vnto myne.

Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.

Ah Francklin Francklin, when I think on this,

My hartes græfe rende my other powers,

Whose then the confidat at the houre of death.

Farn. Gentle Arden leaue this sad lament,

She will amend, and so your græfes will cease

Or els shele die, and so your sorrows end.

If neither of these two do happely fall,

Yet let your comfort be, that others beare.

Your woes twice doubled all with patience.

Ard. My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.

Fra. When stay with me in London, go not home.

Ard. When that base Hobbie doth vsurpe my come,

And makes his triumphe of my being thence.

At home, or not at home, where ere I be.

Heere heere it lyes, ah Francklin here it lyes,

That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters Michaell.

Fra. Forget your græfes a while, heere coms your man,

Ard. What a Clock is it now?

Mic. Almost ten.

Ard. See how runnes away the weary time,

D. 4.

Come

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Come M. Franklin, what we go to bed.

Exeunt Arden & Michael.

Manet Francklin.

moving

Fran. I pray you go before, He follow you,
 Ah what a brill is fretfull Ielouſie?
 What pittie moving words, what deepe fetche ſighes?
 What gracious grones? and overlading woes,
 Accompanied this gentle gentleman.
 How will he ſhake his care oppreſſed head,
 When fir his ſadels on the ſolken earth,
 Ashamed to gaze vpon the open world.
 How will he caſt his eyes vp to wards the heauens,
 Looking that waies for redreſſe of wrong,
 Some times he ſeeketh to beguile his grieſe,
 And tels a ſtoꝝy with his carefull tongue.
 When comes his wifes diſhonoꝝ in his thoughts,
 And in the middle cuteth of his tale
 Dowꝝing freſh ſoꝝrow on his weaꝝy lims.
 So woe begone, ſo inſye charged with woe,
 Was neuer any lꝝned and bare it ſo.

lets

ff

Here enters Michael.

Mic. My M. would deſire you come to bed.

Fra. Is he hid ſelfe already in his bed?

Exit Fran. . . Manet Mic.

Mic. He is and ſaine would haue the light away,
 Conſtiding thoughts incamped in my bzelt
 Awake me with the Echo of their ſtrokes:
 And I a iudge to cenſure either ſide,
 Can giue to neither wiſhed victoꝝy.
 My maſters kindeſſe pleads to me for lyfe,
 With iuſt demaund, and I muſt grant it him.
 My miſtreſſe he hath forced me with an oath,
 For ſufar to take the which I may not breake,
 For that is nearer the a maſters loue,
 For grim faced fellow, pittiles black Will,
 And ſhakebag ſearne in bloody ſtratagem.

Two

Two Kuffer Kuffins neuer lived in Bent,
 Haue sworne my death: if I infringe my vow,
 A dreadfull thing to be considered of,
 We thinke I see them with their bolsted haire,
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
 And in their ruthles hands, their daggers drawne,
 Insulting oze there with a peck of oathes. *three*
 Whilest thou submitstine pleading for relæse,
 Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
 We thinke I heare them aske where Michaell is
 And pittiles black Will, cryes stab the slane.
 The Desant will detect the Trageby.
 The wyndles in his fowle death thzeatning face,
 Capes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.
 My death to him is but a merrymment,
 And he will murthor me to make him sport.
 He comes, he comes, ah M. Franklin helpe,
 Call by the neighboz: or we are but dead
 Here enters Fran. & Arden.

Eran. What dismall outcry cals me from my rest:

Ard. What hath occasiond such a fearefull crye:

Speake Michaell, hath any inturde thee:

Mic. Nothing sir, but as I fell a slape,

Upon the thzesholde leaning to the staires.

I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,

And in my slumber thought I was beset,

With murthorer theeues that came to risse me.

My trembling ioints witnes my inward feare.

I craue your pardons for disturbing you.

Ard. So great a cry for nothing, I nere heard.

What, are the dozes fast lockt: and all things safe:

Mic. I cannot tel, I thinke I lockt the dozes.

Ard. I like not this, but Ile go see my selfe.

Perere trust me, but the dozes were all vnlockt.

This negligence not halfe contenteth me.

Get you to bed, and if you loue my fauour,

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Let me haue no moze such pꝛanckes as these
Come **B.** Francklin, let vs go to bed.

Fran. Exit. I be my Faith, the aire is very colde, Execunt.
Michaell farewell, I pray the dzeame no moze.

Sha. Black night hath hid the pleasures of y day.
Here enter Will, Gre. and Shak.

And shet ing darknesse ouerhangs the earth,
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe,
Obscures vs from the sight of the worlde,
In which swete silence such as we triumph.
The layste minuts linger on their time.

as Loth to giue due audit to the howze:
Til in the watch our purpose be complete,
And Arden sent to euerlasting night.
Greene get you gone, and linger here about,
And at some houre hence, come to vs againe,
Where we will giue you instance of his death.

Gre. Spede to my with whose toil so ere sayes no,
And so ile leaue you soz an howze oꝝ two. Exit Gre.

Will. I tel the Shakebag, would this thing wer don,
I am sa heauy that I can scarce go:
This dꝛowlines in me bods little god.

Shake. How now Will, become a pꝛectician.
Say then lets go slepe, when buges and seares,
Shall kill our courages with their fancies woꝝke,

Will. Why Shakebagge thou mistakes me much,
And wꝛongs me so in telling me of seare,
Wert not a serious thing we go about,
It should be slept, til I had fought with the:
To let the know I am no coward I,
I tel thee Shakebag thou abusest me.

Sha. Why thy speach bewꝛated an indye kind of seare:
And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.

Go soz ward now in that we haue begonne.
And after wards attempt me when thou darest.

Will. And if I do not heauen cut me of,
But let that passe, and show me to this house.

Where

of Feuershame.

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Where thou shalt see I le do as much as Shakkbag.

Sha. This is the doze, but soft, me thinks tis shut,
The villaine Michaell hath deceiued vs,

Wil. Soft let me see, Shakkbag tis shut indeed,
Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slave will heare,

Sha. It wil not be, the white liuerd peasant is gon to bed
And laughs vs both to scozne.

Wil. And he shall by his mirriment as deare,
As euer costrell bought so little spozt,

Here let this swozde assist me when I néede,
But rust and canker after I haue swozne:

If I the next time that I mete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme o2 both,

Sha. And let me neuer o2 a sword againe,

Do2 prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,
When I would seee the welthie passenger,

But ly and languish in a loathsome den:
Hated and spit at by the goers by.

And in that death may die, unpittied.

If I the next time that I méete the slave,
Cut not the nose from of the cowards face,

And frample on it, for this villany.

Wil. Come lets go seeke out Cræn I know hele swear

Sha. He were a villane and he would not swear,

It would make a peasant sweare amongst his boyes.

That nere durst say befoze but yea and no.

To be thus flouted of a coysterel.

Will. Shakkbag lets seeke out Cræn, & in the moyning
At the Alehouse batting Ardens house,

Watch the out comming of that prick eard cur,

And then let me alone to handle him.

Excunt.

Here enters Ard. Fra. & Michaell.

Ard. Sirra get you back to billensgate,
And learne what time the tide will serue our turne,

Come to vs in Paules, first go make the bed,

And afterwards go harken for the floude. Exit Michaell.

Come D. Francklin, you shall go with me,
 This night I dreame that boving in a parke,
 A toyle was pitcht to overthrow the deare,
 And I vpon a little rising hill,
 Stoode whitely watching for the herds appoach,
 Euen there me thoughts a gentle slumber toke me,
 And sommond all my parts to swæte repose.
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
 An ill the wd foster had remoued the toyle,
 And rounded me with that beguyling home,
 Which late me thought was pitcht to cast the deare,
 With that he blew an euill sounding hozne,
 And at the noise an other heard man came:
 With fauchon drawn, and bent it at my brest.
 Crying aloud thou art the game we seeke,
 With this I wakt, and trembled eueri toynt,
 Lyke one oscured in a lytle bushe,
 What sees a lyon foraging about,
 And when the dreadfull forest King is gone,
 He pypes about, with timorous suspect,
 Throughtout the thorny clements of the bryake,
 And will not think his person daungerles.
 But quakes and shewers though the cause be gone.
 So trust me Francklin when I did awake,
 I stode in doubt whether I waked or no:
 Such great impressiõ toke this sond surprize:
 God graunt this vision bedeeine me any good.

Fran. This fantassie doeth rise from Michaels feare;
 Who being awaked with the noyle he made,
 His troubled senses, yet could take no rest.
 And this I warant you pprocured your dreame.

Ard. It may be so God fraime it to the best,
 But often times my dreames presage to trew.

Fran. To such as note their nightly fantasies,
 Some one in twenty may incurre beliefe,
 But vse it not, tis but a mockery.

Ard.

of Feuerhame.

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Ard. Come **M.** Francklin wele now walke in Pau'es
And dyne togeather at the ozbinary,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tyde go down to Feuerhame,
Say **M.** Francklin shall it not be so?

Francklin. At your good pleasure sir,
He beare you companie. Exeunt.

Here enters Michael at one doore.

Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag,
at another doore.

Wil. Draw Shakebag, for hears that villaine Michael,

Gre. First Will lets heare what he can say,

Wil. Speak milkesope stauc, & neuer after speake.

Mic. For Gods sake sirs let me excuse my selfe.

For heare I sweare by heauen and earth and all,

I did perforce the outmost of my task,

And left the dozes unbolted and unloct,

But see the chaunce Francklin and my master,

Were very late conferring in the porch,

And Francklin left his napkin where he sat,

With certain gould knit in it, as he said

Being in bed, he did bethinke himselfe,

And coming down, he found the dozes unloct;

He loct the gates, and brought away the keyes

For which offence my master rated me,

But now I am going to see what stoude it is,

For with the tyde my **M.** will away.

Where you may frowns him well on Kaynum downe,

A place well fitting such a stratageme.

Wil. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choller,

Why now Grene tis better now noz ere it was,

Gre. But Michael is this trew?

Mic. As trew as I report it to be trew.

Shak. When Michael this shall be your pennance,

To feast vs all at the Salutation,

Where we wil plat our purpose throughly.

Grene

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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Gre. And Michael, you shall hear no news of this tide
Because they two may be in Kaynū down before your de.

Mic. Why Ile agree to any thing you shall bid me.
So you will except of my company. Exeunt.

Here enters Mosby.

Mos. Disturbed thoughts dzyue me from company,
And dzyue my marrow with their watchfulness,
Continuall trouble of my moody braine,
Feebles my body by excess of dzyinke,
And nipps me, as the bitter North-east wind,
Doeth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man how ere his cates do taste
That eates not with foule suspicion:
And he but pines amongst his delicats,
Whose troubled minde is stult with discontent.
My goulden time was when I had no gould,
I thought then I wanted, yet I slept secure,
My dayly toyle, begat me nights repose:
My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbd the toppe bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds.
Each gentle starry gale doth shake my bed:
And makes me dzyead my ddition fall to the earth,
But whether doeth contemplation carry me.
The way I seeke to finde where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to dangers gate:
When Arden perissh thou by that degre.
For Greene doth erre the land and weede the by,
To make my harvest nothing but pure cozne.
And for his paines Ile heave him vp a while,
And after smother him to haue his ware.
Such bees as Greene, must neuer live to sting.
When is there Michael and the Painter to,
Cheefe actors to Ardens ouerthrow:
Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,

Alce

of Feuershame.

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They wil insult vpon me foꝛ my mede,
D; fright me by defecting of his end.
He none of that, foꝛ I can cast a bone,
To make these cures pluck out each others thꝛoat,
And then am I sole ruler of mine owne:
Yet mistres Arden liues, but she's my selfe,
And holy Churchrites makes vs two, but one,
But what foꝛ that I may not trust you Ales,
You haue supplanted Arden foꝛ my sake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
Tis feareful sleeping in a serpents bed.
And I wil cleanly rid my hands of her.

Here enters Aes, *Ales*

But here she comes and I must flatter her.
How now Ales? what sad, and passionat:
Make me pertaker of thy pensiuenes:
Fyze deuided burnes with lesser foꝛce.

Ales. But I will damne that fire in my bꝛeast.

Till by the foꝛce therof, my part consume, as Hosbie.

Mof. Such depe pathaires lyke to a cannons burst,
Dischargde againt a ruinated wall;
Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces,
Tingentle Ales thy soꝛrow is my foꝛe,
Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy,
To foꝛge distressefull looks, to wound a bꝛeast,
Where lyes a hart, that dies where thou art sad,
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

when

Ales. It is not loue, that loues to murther loue.

Mof. How meane you that?

Ales. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loued me.

Mof. And then.

Ales. And then conceale the rest, foꝛ tis too bad,
Least that my woꝛds be carried with the wind.
And publiht in the woꝛld to both our thames,
I pray the Hosbye let our springtime wither,
Our haruest els will yeald but lothsome weedes.

30

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Forget I pray thee what hath past betwix vs,
For now I blu be and tremble at the thoughts,

Mof. What are you changde?

Ales I to my former happy lyle againe.

From tyle of an odious Trumpets name,
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife,

Wholbye tis thou hast ridde me of that,

And made me happie to all my kin:

Even in my forehead is thy name ingraueu, *n*

Artificer

Ameane Artificer, that lowe bozne name,

I was bewitched, woe worth the haples holwe,

And all the causes that inchaunted me:

Mof. Nay if thou ban, let me breath curses forth,

And if you stand so nicely at your fame:

Let me repent the credit I haue lost;

I haue neglected matters of import,

What would haue staid me about thy state:

For slowde aduantages, and spurd at time.

I fortunes right hand wholbic hath forsoke,

To take a wanton giglote by the left.

I left the Mariage of an honest maid,

Whose dowry would haue weped down all thy wealth,

Whose beauty and demiano: farre excaded thee.

Whis certaine god I lost for changing bad,

And wraopt my credit in thy company.

I was bewicht, that is no theame of thine,

And thou unhalloved hast enchaunted me:

But I will breake thy spels, and exorcismes,

And put another sight vpon these eyes.

What she wed my hart. a rauen for a holwe.

Thou art not faire, I viend thee not till now,

Thou art not kinde, till now I knew the not. *thee*

And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt, *off*

Thy worthless copper shoues thee counterfet.

It grieues me not to see how foull thou art,

But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire,

of Feuershame.

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Go get thæ gone, a coplemate foꝝ thy hyndes.

I am to god to be thy fauozite.

Ales. I now I see, and to some find it frew,

Which often hath bene told me by my frænds:

That Posbie loucs me not but foꝝ my wealth,

Which to incredulus I nere belæued.

Pay heare me speake Posbie a woꝝd oꝝ two,

Ile byte my tongue, if it speake bitterly:

Loke on me Posby, oꝝ Ile kill my selfe,

Nothing shall hide me from thy Noꝝ my loke:

If thou cry warre, there is no peace foꝝ me,

I will do pennance foꝝ offending thæ,

And burne this pꝛayer booke, where I here vse,

The holy woꝝd that had conuerted me,

See Posbie I will teare away the leaues.

And al the leaues, and in this golden couer,

Shall thy swæte pꝛases, and thy letters dwell,

And thereon will I chiefly meditate,

And hould no other sect, but such deuotion,

Wilt thou not loke: is all thy loue ouerwhelmde?

Wilt thou not heare: what malice stopes thine eares?

Why speakes thou not: what silence ties thy tongue?

Thou hast bene sighted, as the eagle is,

And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare:

And spoke as smothly as an oꝛatoꝝ.

When I haue bid thee heare. oꝝ see, oꝝ speak.

And art thou sensible in none of these?

Waigh all ~~thæ~~ god turns, with this little fault,

And I deserue not Posbies muddy lokes.

A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still,

We cleare againe, Ile nere moꝝe trouble thæ.

Mof. No, I am a base artificer,

My winges are feathꝛed foꝝ a lowly flight,

Posby sy no. not foꝝ a thousand pound,

Make loue to you, why tis unpardonable,

We beggers must not bꝛeath where gentiles are.

¶

Ales

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ales Sweete Holbie is as gentle as a King,
And I to blinde, to iudge him otherwise,
Flowers do some times spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
So what so ere my Holbies father was,
Himselfe valued gentle by his troth.

is

Mof. Ah how you women can insinuate,
And cleare a trespasse with your swete set tongue,
I will forget this quarrel gentle Ales,
Provided He be tempted so no moze.

Here enters Bradshaw,

Al. When with thy lips seale vp this new made match

Mof. Soft Ales for here comes some body.

Ales. How now Bradshaw, whats the news with you

Brad. I have little news but heres a letter.

That W. Greene importuned me to give you:

Ales. Go in Bradshaw call for a cuppe of beere. Exit

It is almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs. Exit

Then she reades the Letter.

We haue mist of our purpose at London, but shall perform
it by the waye, We thanke our neighbour Bradshaw,

Yours Richard Greene.

How lykcs my loue the tennoz of this letter?

Mof. Well, were his date compleat and expired.

Ales. Ah would it were,

When comes my happy howze.

Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.

mesb. Come let vs in to Gun suspition.

mesb. I to the gates of death to follow thee. Exeunt.

Here enters Greene Will & Shakkbag.

Shak. Come Will, see thy toles be in a redynes?

Is not thy Powder dancke,

Or will thy flint stroke fyze

Will. When aske me if my nose be on my face.

Or whether my toung be frosen in my mouth.

Zounds

of Feuerſhame.

Zounds heres a coyle, you were beſt ſwear mee on the
intergatories, how many Piſtols I haue toke in hand.

Do whether I loue the ſmell of gunne powder,

Do dare abide the noiſe the dagge will make.

Do will not wuncke at ſlaſhing of the ſire.

I pray thee ſhackbag let this anſwer thee.

What I haue toke moze purſes in this town,

Then ere thou handledſt piſtols in thy life.

Sha. Happely thou haſt pickt moze in a thong,

But ſhould I bragge what booties I haue toke,

I think the ouerplas that is moze then thine,

Would mount to a greater ſomme of money,

Then either thou, or all thy kinne are woꝝth.

Zounds I hate them as I hate a toade,

That cary a muſcado in their tongue.

And ſcarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Wil. O Greene, intollerable,

It is not foꝝ mine honoꝝ to beare this.

Why ſhackbag I did ſerue the King at Bulloigne,

And thou canſt bragge of nothing that thou haſt done.

Shak. Why ſo can Iack of Feuerſhame,

That ſounded foꝝ a phillope on the noſe:

When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare.

And he ſuppoſed a Cannou bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you ſirs liſt to Clops talk,

Whileſt two ſtout dogs were ſtriving foꝝ a bone,

Where comes a car, and ſtole it from them both,

So while you ſtand ſtriving on theſe termes of manhode,

Arden eſcapes vs and deceaue vs al.

Shake. Why he began.

Will. And thou ſhalt finde Iſe end.

I do but ſlip it vntil better time.

But if I do foꝝget.

Then hee kneecies downe and houldes vp
his hands to heauen.

ff. 2

Gre.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Greene. Well take your fittest standings, & once more
Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird,
Ile leave you, and at your dags discharge
Hake towards llike the longing water dog,
That coucheth til the fowling peece be of:
Then crazeeth on the pray with eager mode,
Oh might I see him Dretching sozth his limmes,
As I haue sene them beat their wings ere now.

Shak. Why that thou shalt see if he come this way.

Gre. Yes that he doth Shakbag I warrant thee:
But bhaul not when I am gone in any case,
But sirs be sare to spade him; when he comes:
And in that hope Ile leave you soz an houre. Exit Gre.

Here enters Arden Fran. & Mic.

Mic. Twere best that I went back to Rochester,
The hourse halts down right, it were not good
He trauailed in such paine to seuer shame:
Remouing of a Nere may happely help it.

Ard. Well get you back to Rochester, but sirsra see ye
overtake vs ere we come to Kaynum down,
Foz it will be very late ere we get home:

Mic. I God he knowes, & so doth Will and Shakebagge,
That thou shalt neuer go further then that downe,
And therfoze haue I pyickt the hourse on purpose,
Because I would not vie w the massacar. Exit Michael.

Arden. Come D. Francklin onwards with your tale,

Fran. I assure you sir, you taske me much,
A heauy blode is gathered at my hart,
And on the sudden is my winde so short:
As hindereth the passage of my speach.
So ferse a qualme yet neere assayled me:

Ard. Come D. Francklin let vs go on softly,
The anoyance of the dust, or els some meat,
you eat at dinner, cannot brooke you:
I haue bene often so, and soone amended.

Fra. Do you remember where my tale did leaue?

Ard.

Ard. I, tohere the gentleman did chek his wife.

Fra. She being repzehended for the fact,
 Witnes produced that toke her with the deed,
 Her gloue brough in, which there she left behind,
 And many other assured Arguments:
 Her Husband askt her whether it were not so.

Ard. her answer then, I wonder how she tokt,
 Having forsworne it with such beheimt oathes,
 And at the instant so approued bypon her,

Fra. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
 Watching the drops that fell amaine from thence,
 Then softly drawes she forth her hand kercher,
 And modestly she wppes her teare stam'd face:
 Then hemd she out to cleare her voice should seeme,
 And with a maiesty address her selfe,
 To encounter all their accusations.

Pardon me D. Arden I can no moze:
 This fighting at my hart, makes shorte my wynde.

Ard. Come we are almost now at Raynnum downe,
 Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way:
 I would you were in state to tell it out.

Shak. Stand close Will I heare them cumming.

Here enters Lord Cheney with his men,

Wil. Stand to it Shakbag, and be resolute,

Lord Che. Is it sonere night as it seemes,

Will this black faced cueuing haue a showze?

What D. Arden, you are well met,

I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you,

You are a stranger man in the ile of Sheppey,

Ard. Your honours alwayes bound to do you seruice,

Lord Che. Come you from London & nere a man with

Ard. My man's comming after, (you?)

But her's my honest friend that came along with me.

Lord Che. My Loyd protectors man I take you to bee

Fra. I my god Lord, and highly bound to you,

Lord Che. You & your friend come home & sup with me.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ard. I beseech your honoꝝ pardon me,
I haue made a promise to a gentle man,
My honest friend to make him at my house,
The occasion is great, oꝝ els would I wait on you.

Lord C. Will you come to morrow & dyne with me.
And bring your honest friend along with you:
I haue dyuers matters to talke with you about.

Arden. To morrow wele waite vpon your honoꝝ,

Lord C. Doe of you stye my horse at the top of the hill
What black Will, foꝝ whose purse wait you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

Wil. Not hanged, God saue your honoꝝ.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray foꝝ you,

Lord C. I think thou nere saidest prayer in all thy lyfe,
One of you giue him a crowne,
And serra leaue this kinde of lyfe.

If thou beest tainted foꝝ a penny matter,
And come in question surely thou wilt trusse.

Come M. Arden let vs be going,
Your way and mine lyes foure myle togeather. Exeunt
Manet Black Wil & Shakkbag.

Wil. The Deuill break all your necks, at 4 myles end,
Zounds I could kill my selfe foꝝ very anger.
His Loꝝdship chops me in, euen when
My dagge was leaued at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throat,

Sha. Arden thou hast wondrous holpe luck,
Did euer man escape as thou hast done.
Well Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye,
Foꝝ by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. What is he down, is he dyspacht?

Sha. I in health towards feuerchame, to shame vs all

Gre. The Deuill be ts, why sirs how escapt he?

Shak. When we were ready to shote,

Comes my Loꝝd Cheiny to pꝛeuent his death.

Green

of Feuershame.

45

Grene. The Lord of heauen hath preferred him.

Will. Preferred, a sigge, the L. Cheiny hath preferred
And bids him to a feast, to his house at Shozlow: (him
But by the way, once moze Ile mate with him,
And if all the Cheinies in the world say no,
He haue a bullet in his breast to moztow,
Therefore come Graenc and let vs to feuerhame.

Gre. I and excuse our selues to mistres Arden,
Whow shee chase when she heares of this.

sha. Why ile warrant you shet think we dare not doit

Wil. Why then let vs go, & tell her all the matter.

And plat the nettes to cut him of to moztow. Exeunt.

Here enters Arden and his wife, Francklin
and Michael.

Ard. See how the howys ~~the~~ gardeant of heauens gate
Haue by their toyle removed the darksome cloudes.
That shall may wel deserue the trampled pace,
Wherein he wount to guide his golden car,
The season fits, come Francklin, let's away.

Ales. I thought you did pretend some speciall hunt.
What made you thus cut thozte the time of rest.

Ard. It was no chase that made me rise so early,
But as I tould the yesternight to go to the Ile of Sheppy:
Where to dine with my Lord Cheiny.
For so his honoz late commanded me.

Ales. I such kinde husbands seldome want excuse,
Home is a wilde Cat, to a wandring wit,
The time hath bene, would God it were not past,
That honozs tittle noz a Lords command,
Could once haue drayne you from these armes of mine,
But my deserts, or your deserues decay,
Or both, yet if trew loue may saime desert,
I merite stil to haue thy company.

Fran. Why I pray you sir, let her go along with vs,
I am sure his honoz will welcome her,
And vs the moze, for byzing her along.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Arden. Content, sirra saddle your mistress nagge.

Ales. No, begde fauor, merits little thanks,
If I should go, our house would runne away,
Or els be stolne, therefore Ile stay behind.

Arden. Nay see how mistaking you are,
I pray thee goe.

Ales. No no, not now.

Arden. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,
That time nor place, nor persons alter me,
But that I hold thee dearer then my life.

Ales. That will be done by your quick returne.

Arden. And that shall be ere night and if I liue.

Farewell swete Ales, we mind to sup with thee Exit Al.

Fra. Come Michaell are our hozles ready?

Mic. I your hozle are ready, but I am not rsady,
For I haue lost my purse,

With six and thirtie Shillings in it,

With taking vp of my M. Nagge.

Fra. Why I pray you let vs go befoze,
Whilist he staves behind to seeke his purse.

Arden. Go to sirra, see you follow vs to the ile of Sheppre,
To my Lord Cheynyes where we meane to dine.

Exeunt Arden & Francklin.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. So faire weather after you,
For befoze you, lyes black Will and Shakebag,
In the byome close, too close for you,
Theyle be your ferrymen to long home,

Here enters the Painter.

But who is this the Painter, my cozriual,
That would nedes winne M. Susan.

Clark. How now Michael how doth my Mistresse,
And all at home?

Mic. Who Susan? Osbye: sheis your Mistres to

Cl. I How doth she, and all the rest?

Mic. As well but Susan she is sicke,

Clark,

of Feuershame.

47

Cl. Sick, of what disease?

Mic. Of a great feare.

Cl. A feare, of what?

Mic. A great feuer.

Cl. A feuer God forbide.

Mic. Yes faith, and of a lo; dame too,

As bigge as your selfe.

Cl. O Michael the spleane pickles you.

Go too, you carry an eye ouer mistres susan.

Mic. I faith, to keape her from the Painter.

Cl. Why moze from a Painter, then from a seruing
creature like your selfe.

Mic. Because you Painters make but a painting ta-
ble of a pretty wench, and spoile her beauty with
blotting.

Cl. What meane you by that?

Mic. Why that you Painters, paint lambes, in the
lyning of wenches petticoats

And we seruingmen put hoznes to them, to make them be-
come shepe.

Cl. Such another woord wil cost you a cusse or a knock

Mic. What with a dagger made of a pensell?

Faith tis to weake.

And therefore thou to weak to winne susan.

Cl. Would susans loue lay vppon this stroke.

Then he breakes Michaels head.

Here enters Mosby Greene & Ales.

Ales. He lay my lyfe, this is fo; susans loue,

Stayd you behinde your **H.** to this end?

Haue you no other time to bzable in

But now when serious matters are in hand?

Say Clarke, haſt thou done the thing thou promised?

Cl. I heare it is, the very touch is death.

Ales. Then this I hope, if all the rest do faile,

Will catch **H.** Arden,

And make him wise in death, that lined a fole.

C.

Why

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Why should he thrust his sickle in our coorne,
 D; what hath he to do with thee my loue?
 D; gouerne me that am to rule my selfe,
 Forsooth for credit sake I must leaue thee.
 Nay he must leaue to liue, that we may loue,
 Nay liue, may loue, for what is lyfe but loue?
 And loue shall last as long as lyfe remaines,
 And lyfe shall end, befoze my loue depart.

what is

Mos. Why whats loue, without true constancy:
 Lyke to a pillar built of many stones.

Yet neither with god moztter, well compact,
 Nor semell, to fasten it in the ioynts.

But that it shakes with euery blast of winde,
 And being toucht, straight fallens into the earth,
 And buries all his haughty pride in dust.

So let our loue be rockes of Addamant,
 Which time nor place, nor tempest can a sunder.

Gre. Forbie leaue protestations now.

And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to doe:
 Black Will and Makebag I haue placed,
 In the bosome close watching Ardens comming.
 Lets to them, and see what they haue done. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard & Fra.

Ard. Oh ferry man, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferriman.

Fer. Here here, goe befoze to the boat:
 And I will follow you.

Ard. We haue great haste, I pray thee come away.

Fer. Hy what a mist is here.

Ard. This mist my friend, is misticall,
 Lyke to a god companions smoaky bzaine,
 That was halfe bound with new ale ouer night.

Fer. Were pittty but his scoll were opened,
 To make moze Chimny rowme.

Fran. Friend whats thy opinion of this mist.

Fer. I think tis lyke to a curst wife in a lytle house.

That

of Feuershame.

That neuer leaues her husband till she haue driuen him
out at doores, with a wet paire of eyes,
When lookes he as if his house were a fire,
O, some of his friends dead.

Ard. Speaks thou this of thine owne experience,

Fer. Perhaps I, perhaps no: for my wyfe is as other
women are, that is to say, gouerned by the Mone.

Fran. By the Mone, how I pray thee?

Fer. As thereby lyes a bargane.

And you shall not haue it fresh and salting.

Ard. Yes I pray thee good ferryman.

Fer. When so; this once, let it be midsommer Mone.

But yet my wyfe as another mone.

Fran. Another Mone.

Fer. I, and it hath influences, and Eclipses.

Ard. Why then by this reconing, you sometimes
Play the man in the Mone.

Fer. I but you had not best to meddle with that mone
Least I scratch you by the face, with my bramble bush,

Ard. I am almost filled with this fog, come lets away

Fran. And Arra as we go, let vs haue som moze of your
bolde yeomanry.

Fer. Pay by my troth Sir, but flat knauery. Exeunt.

Here enters Will at one doore, and

Shakbag at another.

Sha. Oh Will where art thou?

Wil. Here Shakbag, almost in hels mouth,

Where I can not see my way for smoake.

Sha. I pray thee speake still, that we may mete
by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditche or
other, vnles my feete see better then my eyes.

Wil. Didst thou euer see better weather to runne a-
way with another mans wife, or play with a wenche
at pottinger.

Sha. As this were a fine wo:ld for chandlers,
If this weather would last, for then a man

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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Should neuer dyne nor sup without candle light,
But sirra Will, what hozles are those that pass?

Wil. Why, didst thou heare any?

Sha. I that I bid.

Will. My life for thine, it was Arden and his companis

And then all our labour's lost,

Sha. Nay say not so, for if it be they, they may happely
lose their way as we haue done

And then we may chaunce mee'te with them.

Wil. Come let vs go on lyke a couple of blind pilgrims
Then Shakebag falles into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe Will help, I am almost dyownd.

Here enters the ferryman.

Fer. Whose that, that calles for help?

Wil. It was none here, it was thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to help him that cald for help.

Why how now? who is this that's in the ditch?

Won are well enough serued, to goe without a guyde,
such weather as this. (morning)

Wil. Sirra what companyes hath pass your ferry ths

Fer. Done but a cupple of gentlemen, that went to
dyne at my Lozd chepneis.

Wil. Shakebag did not I tell thee asmuch?

Fer. Why sir, will you haue any letters caried to them?

Wil. No sir, get you gone.

Fer. Did you euer see such a mist as this?

Wil. No, nor such a foole as will rather be hought
then get his way.

Fer. Why sir, this is no hough munday, you ar deceiud
Whats his name I pray you sir?

Sha. His name is black will.

Fer. I hope to see him one day hangd vpon a bill.

Exit Ferryman.

Sha. See how the Sunne hath cleard the foggy mist,
Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

Here

Of Reuersname.

Here enters Grene Mosbye and Ales.

Mos. Black Will and Shakkbag, what make you heer
What is the deed don? is Arden dead.

Wil. What could a blinded man perfozme in armes?
Saw you not how till now, the sky was darke,
What neither hozse noz man could be discerned,
Yet did we heare their hozles as they past.

Gre. Haue they escapt you then, and past the ferry?

Sha. I foz a while, but here we two will stay.

And at their coming back, mate with them once moze,
Zounds I was nere so toyld in all my lyfe,
In following so slight a taske as this.

Mos. How camst thou so beraide?

Wil. With making false footing in the dark,
He neds would follow them without a guide.

Ales. Here's to pay foz a fire and god chare
Get you to scurrhame to the stowze deluce,
And rest your selues until some other time.

Gre. Let me alone, it most concerns my state.

Will. I miñres Arden, this wil serue the turne,
In case we fall into a second fog.

Exeunt. Grene Will and Shak.

Mos. These knaues wil neuer do it, let vs giue it ouer

Ales. If it tell me how you like my new deuice?

Sone when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Like louing friends, wcle mate him on the way.
And boldly beard and bzaue him to his tath:
When woords grow hot, and blowes beginne to ryle,
Ile call those cutters swyth your tenement,
Who in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shall wound my husband hoznesbie to the death.

Mos. Ah fine deuise, why this deserues a kisse. Exeunt.

Here enters Dicke Reede and a Sailer.

Sayler. Faith Dick Reede it is to lytle end.

His conscience is to liberall, and he to nigardly.

Lo

52

To parte from any thing may do the god.

Rede He is coming from Shozlow as I vnderstand,

Here ile intercept him, soz at his house

He neuer will bouchafe to speake with me:

If pꝑayers and faire intreaties will not serue,

Wz make no battry in his stinte bzead.

Here enters Fra. Ard. and Michacil.

He curse the carle and sae what that wil do.

Se where he comes, to further my intent,

~~Arden~~

Arden I am new bound to the sea,

My coming to you was about the plat of ground,

Which wzongfully you detaine from me.

Although the rent of it be very small,

Yet will it helpe my wife and childzen:

Which here I leane in Fceuerthame God knowes,

Madꝑ and bare, soz Chꝑlls sake let them haue it.

Ard. Franklin hearest thou this fellow speake:

What which he craues I dearely bought of him,

Although the rent of it was euer mine.

Sirra you, that aske these questions,

If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue

Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,

Ile lay theꝑ vp so close a twelue months day,

As thou shalt neither sae the Sonne noz Mone,

Loke to it, soz as surely as I liue,

Ile banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

Rede. What wilt thou do me wzong, & thꝑeat me to?

May then Ile tempt theꝑ, Arden do thy woꝝk,

God I besaech theꝑ show some miracle,

On theꝑ oꝝ thine, in plauging theꝑ soz thꝑs.

What plot of ground, which thou detainest from me,

I speake it in an agony of spirite,

Be ruinous and satall vnto theꝑ:

Either there be butcherd by thy dearest friends,

Wz els be bzought soz men to wonder at.

Wz thou oꝝ thine miscary in that place.

Wz

of Feuershame.

53

Do there runne mad, and end thy curled dayes,
Fra. For bitter knave byde thine enuious tongue,
For curses are like arrowes shot vp right,
Which fallinge down light on the sutoz head.

Rede Light where they will waite I vpon the sea,
As oft I haue had many a bitter stoyme,
And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,
The Pylate quaking at the doubtfull stoyme,
And all the saylers praying on their knes,
Euen in that fearefull time would I fall dovn,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden, or some misseuent,
To shewe the world, what wrong the carle hath done,
This charge he leaue with my distressfull wife.
My children shall be taught such praiers as these,
And thus I go but leaue my curse with thee.

my

Exeunt Rede & Sayler.

Arden. It is the raplingest knave in christendome,
And oftentimes the villaine will be mad,
It greatly matters not what he sayes,
But I assure you, I nere did him wrong.

Fra. I think so Arden.

Arden. Now that our hazzles are gone home befoze,
My wife may hapely mete me on the way,
For God knowes she is growne passing kinde of late,
And greatly changed from the oulde humo:
Of her wounted frowardnes.
And saakes by faire meanes to redeeme oulde faults.

Fra. Happy the change, that alters for the best,
But see in any case you make no speache,
Of the cheare we had at my Lozd Chetneis,
Although most bounteous and liberall,
For that will make her think her selfe moze wrongd,
In that we did not carry her a long,
For sure she greued that she was left behinde.

Arden

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

Arden. Come Francklin, let vs strain to mend our pace,
And take her vnawares playing the cōke.

Here enters Ales and Mosbie.

Foz I beleue thele Cryue to mend our chere.

Fran. Why thers no better creaturs in the woꝛld
Then women are, when they are in god humoꝛs.

Arden. Who is that? Mosbie, what so familiare?
Iniurious Trumpet, and thou ribald knaue,
Ant wyne those armes.

Ales I with a sagred kisse, let them bnt wine.

Arden. Ah Mosbie, periorde beaſt, beare this and all.

Mos. And yet no hoꝛned beaſt.

The hoꝛnes are thine.

Fran. Dmonſtrous, ſay then tis time to draw.

Ales Helpe helpe. they murther my husband.

Here enters Will, and Shak.

Sha. Zounds who iniures M. Mosbie.

Help Wil I am hurt.

Mos. I may thank you Mſires arden foꝛ this wound,
Exeunt Mosby Will & Shakbag.

Ales. Ah Arden what folly blinded thee?

Ah Jelious harebaine man what haſt thou don,

When we to welcome thy intended ſpoꝛt.

Came louingly to mete thee on thy way.

Thou d;ewſt thy ſwoꝛd intraged with Jelouſy,

And hurte thy frænde,

Whose thoughts were fræ from harme.

All foꝛ a woꝛthles kisse, and ioyning armes.

Both don bat mirrely. to try thy patience.

And me vnhappy that deuysed the Jest,

Whiche though beganne in ſpoꝛte, yet ends in blode.

Fran. Oary God defend me from ſuch a Jeaſt.

Ales Couldſt thou not ſæ vs frendly ſmyle on thee?

When we ioynd armes, and when I kiſt his chæke.

Haſt thou not lately found me ouer kinde?

Didſt thou not heare me cry they murther thee.

Calde

of Feuershame.

55

Cald I not helpe to let my husband free:

No, eares and all were witcht, as me accurst,
To lincke in hoking with a frantick man,
Hence forth Ile be thy slaue, no moze thy wife:
For with that name I neuer shall content thee.
If I be merry thou straight waies thinks me light.
If sad thou saiest the sullens trouble me.

If well attyred thou thinks I will be gadding,
If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eye.
Thus am I still, and shall be whill I die,
Poze wench abused by thy misgouernment,

Arden But is it for trueth, that neither thou noz he,
Entendedst malice in your misdeineanoz.

Ales. The heauens can witness of our harmles thoughts

Arden. When pardon me swete Ales,
And forgiue this faulte:

Forget but this, and neuer see the lyke.
Impose me pennance, and I will perforce it:
For in thy discontent I finde a death,
A death tormenting more then death it selfe.

Ales. May hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,
Thou wouldst haue markt the speeches of thy friend,
Who going wounded from the place, he said
His skinne was peir'd only through my deuise.
And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,
Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene him dyest,
And cryde him mercy whome thou hast misdone,
Here shall my hart be cased till this be done.

Arden Content thee swete Ales thou shalt haue thy wil
What ere it be, for that I iniurde thee
And wrongd my friend, shame scourgeth my offence,
Come thou thy selfe and go along with me,
And be a mediator twixt vs two.

Fran. Why O. Arden, know you what you do,
Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you,

Ales. Why canst thou proue I haue bene disloyall.

Fran.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

56

Fran. Why Holbie traunt you husband with the hozn,
Ales. I after he had reupled him,

By the inturpous name of periurde beast,
He knew no wrong could spyte an Felious man,
Doze then the hatefull naming of the hozne.

Fran. Suppose tis trew, yet is it dangerous.
To follow him whome he hath lately hurt,

Ales. A fault confessed is moze then halfe a mends,
But men of such ill spirite as your selfe.
Wozke crosse and debates twirt man and wife.

Arden. I pray the gentle francklin holde thy peace,
I know my wife counsels me for the best,

Arden. He seke out inosby, where his wound is dyest,
And salve his haples quarrell if I may.

Exeunt Arden & Ales.

Fran. He whome the diuel dyues must go perforce,
More gentelman how sone he is bewicht,
And yet because his wife is the instrument,
His frends must not be lauth in their speach, Exit Fran.

Here enters Will shakabage & Greene

Wil. Sirra Greene when was I so long
in killing a man.

Gre. I think we shall never do it.
Let vs giue it ouer.

Sha. Nay Zounds wele kill him.
Though we be hangd at his doze for our labour.

Wil. Thou knowest Greene that I haue liued in
London this twelue yers.

Where I haue made some go-typon wooden legges,
For taking the wall on me,

Dyers with siluer noses, for saying,
There goes blackwill.

I haue crackt as many blades,
As thou hast done Bates.

Gre. Monstrous speeche.

Wil. Faith in a maner I haue.

The

of Feuershame.

The balddie houses haue paid me tribute,
There durst not a whoze set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed
with me first, for opening her shoppe windowes.

For a crosse worde of a Tapster,
I haue pearced one barrell after another, with my dager,
And held him by the eares till all his beare hath run out,
In Temes Strete a byewers cartc was lyke to haue runne
ouer me, I made no moze ado, but went to the clark
and cut all the natches of his tales,
and beat them about his head. (watch,

I and my companye haue taken the Constable from his
And carried him about the fields on a colt staffe.
I haue broken a Sarians head with his owne mace,
And baid whome I list with my sword and buckler.
All the tenpenny alchoufes would stand euery moztning,
With a quart pot in his hand
Saying will it please your worshop drinke:
He that had not done so had bene sure to haue had his
Singne puld down, & his latice bozne away the next night
To conclude, what haue I not done? yet cannot do this,
Doubtles he is preferred by Miracle.

Here enter Ales and Michaell.

Gre. Hence will, here comes M. Arden.

Ales Ah gentle michaell art thou sure thei'r friends

Mic. Why I saw them when they both toke hands,
When Polbie bled, he euen wept for so:row:
And raild on franchlin that was cause of all.
So soner came the Surgen in at dozes,
But my P. toke to his purse, and gaue him money.
And to conclude, sent me to bring you word,
That Polbie, franchlin, Wadthaw, Adam soyle,
With diuers of his neighbors, and his friends,
Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Ales. Ah gentle Michaell, runne thou bak againe,
And when my husband walkes into the faire,
Bid Polbie steale from him, and come to me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure,

Mic. He go tell him.

Ales. And as thou goest, tell John cooke of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no coast. Exit Michael.

Wil. Nay and there be such chere, we will bid our selues
Mistres Arden, Dick Crane & I do meane to sup wth you.

Ales. And welcome shall you be, ah gentlemen,
How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

Gre. I was long of that bag that valackye villaine.

Sha. Thou doest me wrong, I did as much as any.

Wil. Nay then M. Ales, He tell you how it was,
When he should haue lockt with both his hilts,

He in a brauery flozht our his head

With that comes Franklin at him lustely

And hurts the slaue, with that he sinks away,

Now his way had bene to haue come hand and safe,
one and two round at his colles.

He lye a soole beares his sword point halfe a yarde out
of danger; I lye here for my lyfe.

If the deuil come, and he haue no moze strength then sense.

He shall neuer beat me from this warde,

He stand to it, a buckler in a skulff hand,

Is as good as a castell.

Nay tis better then a sconce, for I haue tryde it.

Dobie perceiuing this, began to faint.

With that comes Arden with his arming str ord,

And thrust him through the shoulder in a tryce.

Ales. I but I wonder why you both stode still.

Wil. Faith I waa so amazed I could not strike.

Ales. Ah sirs had he yesternight bene slaue,

For euery drop of his detested blode.

I would cramme in Angels in thy fist.

And kiss thee so, and hugge thee in my armes.

Wil. Patient your selfe, we can not help it now,

Crane and we two, will dogge him through the faire,

And stab him in the croud, and seale away,

Here

of Feuerhame.

Here enters Mosbye:

Ales. It is vnpossible, but here comes he,
What will I hope touent some surer meanes.
Swete Gosbie hide thy arme, it kills my hart.

Mos. I mistres Arden, this is your fauour,

Ales. Ah say not so for when I sawe thã hurt,
I could haue toke the weapon thou letst fall,
And runne at Arden, for I haue sworne,
What thele mine eyes offerided with his sight,
Shall neuer close, til Ardens be shut vp,
This night I rose and walkt about the chamber,
And twise or thrixe, I thought to haue murthred him,

Mos. What in the night, then had we bene vndone.

Ales. Why, how long shall he liue?

Mos. Faith Ales no longer then this night.

Black Will and Shakebag, will you two
Performe the complot that I haue laid.

Will. For els think me as a villaine.

Gre. And rather then you shall want,
He help my selfe.

Mos. You D. Greene shal single franklin forth,
And hold him with a long tale of strange newes:
That he may not come home till suppertime.
He fetch D. Arden home, & we like frends.
Will play a game or two at tables here,

Ales. But what of all this?

How shall he be laine?

Mosbie. Why black Will and Shakebag lockt within
the countinghouse.

Shall at a certaine watchword giuen, rush forth,

Wil. What shall the watch word be?

Mos. (How I take you) that shall be the word.

But come not forth befoze in any case.

Wil. I warrant you, but who shall lock me in?

Ales. What will I do, thou'lt kepe the key thy selfe.

Mos. Come D. Greene, go you along with me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

60

See all things ready Ales against we come.

Ales. Take no care for that, send you him home.

Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me,
Come blacke Will that in mine eyes art faire,
Pert unto Mosbie doe I honour thee,
Instead of faire wordes and large promises,
My hands shall play you goulden harmonie,
How like you this? say, will you doe it first?

Will. I and that byanely too, marke my deuice.
Place Mosbie being a stranger in a chaire,
And let your husband sit vpon a stole,
That I may come behind him cunninglie,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sine, *sine*
That done beare him behind the Abby,
That those that finde him murdered, may suppose
Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

Ales. A fine deuice, you shall haue twenty pound,
And when he is dead, you shall haue forty more.
And least you might be suspected staying here,
Whichack shall saddle you two lusty geldings.
Ryde whether you will to Scotland or to Wales.
He see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

Will. Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.
Giue me the key, which is the counting house?

Ales. Here would I stay, and still encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.

Sha. Wush you are too faint harted, we must do it.

Ales. But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks,
Will ad vnwounded courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shall aduenture on him,

Will. Wush get you gone, tis we must do the deed.

When this doore oppens next, loke for his death

Ales. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open
I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes,

that

of Feuerjame.

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That lyke the snakes of blacke Lysphone,
Sting me with their embracing, mosbies armes
Shal compasse me, and were I made a starre,
I would haue none other spheres but those.
There is no nectoz, but in Hobbies lypes,
Had chaste Diana kist him, the like me
Would grow loue sicke, and from her watric botwer,
Fling down Endimion and snath him by:
When blame not me, that say a silly man,
Not halfe so louely as Endimion.

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. Mistres my maister is comming hard by,

Ales. Who comes with him.

Mic. No body but mosbye.

Ales. Whats well michaell, fetch in the tables,
And when thou hast done, stand befoze the
countinghouse doze.

Mic. Why so?

Ales. Black will is lockt within, to do the dede.

Mic. What shall he die to night?

Ales. I michaell.

Mic. But shall not susan know it?

Ales. Yes so, shele be as scerete as our selues.

Mic. Whats byane, Ile go fetch the tables.

Ales. But michaell hearke to me a word or two,
When my husband is come in lock the strate doze:
He shall be murthred or the guests come in. Exit mic.

Here enters Arden & Mosbie.

Husband what meane you to bying mosby home?
Although I wisht you to be reconciled,
I was moze soz seare of you, then loue of him,
Black Will and Greene, are his companions,
And they are cutters, and may cut you throze,
Therefore I thought it god to make you friends.

D. 4.

But

But wherefoze do you bzing him hether now,
 You haue giuen me my supper with his sight, (gone.

Mos. **M.** Arden me thinks your wife would haue me

Arden. No good **M.** **H.**osbie, women will be prating.

Ales bid him welcome, he and I are frends.

Ales You may inforce me to it, if you will.

But I had rather die then bid him welcome,

His company hath purchest me ill frends.

And therefore wil I nere frequent it moze.

Mos. Oh how cunningly she can dissemble.

Ard. How he is here you wil not serue me so.

Ales. I pray you be not angre or displeas'd

Ile bid him welcome scing youle haue it so,

You are welcome **M.** **H.**osbie. Will you sit down.

Mos. I know I am welcome to your louing husband,

But for your selfe, you speake not from your hart.

Ales. And if I do not, sir think I haue cause.

Mos. Pardon me **M.** Arden, Ile away.

Ard. No good **M.** **H.**osbie.

Ales. We shal haue guests enough, thogh you go hence

Mos. I pray you **M.** Arden let me go.

Ard. I pray thee **H.**osbie let her prate her fill.

Ale. The dozes are open sir, you may be gone.

Mic. Nay thats a lye, for I haue lockt the dozes.

Ard. Sirra fetch me a cup of Wine.

Ile make them frends.

And gentle **M.** Ales, scing you are so stout,

You shal beginne, frowne not, Ile haue it so.

Ales I pray you meddle with tha' you haue to do.

Ard. Why Ales? how can I do so much for him,

Whose lyfe I haue endaugered without cause.

Ale. 'Tis true, & scing t'was partly through my means

I am content to drinke to him for this once.

Here **M.** **H.**osbie, and I pray you hence forth,

Be you as straunge to me, as I to you

Your company hath purchas'd me ill frends.

And

And I for you God knowes, haue vnderseued
 borne ill spoken of in euery place.
 Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.

Mos. Ile see your husband in dispight of you,
 Yet Arden I protest to thee by heauen,
 Thou nere shalt see me more, after this night.
 Ile go to Honie rather then be forsworne.

Ar. Tush Ile haue no such bowes made in my house.

Ales. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
 And on that condition Gosbie pledge me here.

Mos. I as willingly as I meane to liue.

Ar. Come Ales, is our supper ready yet?

Ales. It wil by then you haue plaid a game at tables,

Ar. Come Gosbie, what shall we play for?

Mos. Whæ games for a french crowne sir,

And please you.

Ar. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

Wil. Can he not take him yet? what a spight is that?

Ales. Not yet Will, take hede he see thee not?

Wil. I feare he wil spy me, as I am coming,

Mic. To preuent that, crepe betwixt my legs

Mos. One ace, or els I lose the game.

Ar. Hary sir theres two for sayling.

Mos. Ah Arden (now I can take you)

Then Will pulles him down with a cowell

Ar. Gosbie, Michaell, Ales, what will you do?

Will. Nothing but take you by sir, nothing els.

Mos. Thers for the pressing Iron you tould me of.

Sha. And ther's for the ten pound in my secue,

Ales. What, grones thou? nay then giue me y^e weapō,

Take this for hindring Gosbies loue and mine.

Michaell. O Mistres.

Will. Ah that villaine wil betray vs all.

Mos. Tush feare him not, he will be secreete,

Mic. Why dost thou think I will betray my selfe?

I

Sha.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Sha. In Southwarke dwels a bonnie noztherne lasse,
The widow Chambley ile to her house now,
And if she will not giue me harborough,
Ile make bootie of the queane euen to her smoche.

Will. Shift foꝝ your selues we two will leaue you now

Ales. First lay the bodie in the countinghouse.

Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.

Will. We haue our gould mistris Ales, adew,
Mosbie fareweil, and Michaell farewell to. Excunt

Enter Susan.

Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the doores.

Hearken they knocke, what shall I let them in?

Ales. Mosbie go thou & beare them companie. Exit. M.

And susan fetch water and wash away this blode,

Susan. The blode cleaueth to the ground & will not out

Ales. But with my nailes ile scrape away the blood,

The moze I strue the moze the blod appears:

Susan. Whats the reason M. can you telk

Ales. Because I blush not at my husbands death.

Here enters Mosbie.

Mos. How now, whats the matter: is all well?

Ale. I wel, if Arden were alieue againe.

In vaine we strue, foꝝ here his blod remains,

Mos. Why strew rushes on it, can you not,

This wench doth nothing fall vnto the woꝝke.

Ales. It was thou that made me murder him,

Mos. What of that?

Ales. Say nothing Mosbie so it be not known:

Mos. Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpossible,

Ales. Ah but I can not, was he not slaine by me,

My husbands death toꝝments me at the hart.

Mos. It shall not long toꝝment thee gentle Ales,
I am thy husband, thinke no moze of him.

Here enters Adam fowle and Brad,

Brad. How now M. Arden: what ayle you weepe?

Mos.

Mof. Because her husband is abroad so late,
A couple of Ruffins threatned him yesternight,
And she poze soule is affraid he should be hurt.

Adam **I**ll nothing els? tush hele be here anone.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. **S**olo **M**. Arden lacke you any guests.

Ales. **A**h **M**. Crane, did you se my husband lately?

Gre. **I** saw him walking behinde the Abby even now,

Here enters Francklin.

Ales. **I** do not like this being out so late,

M. Francklin where did you leaue my husband.

Fra. **B**elæue me **I** saw him not since **M**orning,

Feaure you not hele come anone, meane time

You may be well to bid his guests sit down.

Ales. **I** so they shall, **M**. **B**radshaw sit you here,

I pray you be content, **I**le haue my will.

M. **S**ol be sit you in my husbands seat.

Michael Susan shall thou and **I** wait on them,

And thou saist the woꝝd let vs sit down so.

Su. **P**eaure we haue other matters now in hand.

I feare me Michael al wil be bewaied.

Mic. **T**ush so it be knowne that **I** shall marry th^x in the

Morning, **I** care not though **I** be hangde ere night.

But to prevent the woꝝd, **I**le by some rats bane.

Su. **W**hy Michael wilt thou popson thy selfe?

Mic. **N**o, but my mistres, so **I** feare shele tell.

Su. **T**ush Michell feare not her, she's wise enough.

Mof. **S**irra Michell giues a cup of beare.

M. Arden, heere to your husband.

Ales. **M**y husband?

Fra. **W**hat ailes you woman, to crie so suddenly.

Ales. **A**h neighbors a sudden qualm came ouer my hart

My husbands being so; th tojments my mynde.

I know some thing's amisse, he is not well.

Oels **I** should haue heard of him ere now.

Mof. **S**he will vado vs, though her sicknesses.

Gre. Feare not M. Arden, he's well enough.

Ales. Well not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wount for to stay thus late.

God M. Francklin go and seeke him forth,

And if you finde him send him home to me.

And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.

Fra. I like not this, I pray God all be well

Exeunt Fra Mos. & Gre.

Ile seeke him out, and find him if I can.

Ales. Michaell how shall I do to rid the rest away?

Mic. Beane that to my charge, let me alone.

It is very late, P. Padshaw,

And there are many false knaues abroad,

And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

Brad. Faith friend Michaell and thou saiest trew,

Therefore I pray thee lights seth, and lends a linck.

Exeunt Brad, Adam, & Michael.

Ales. Michaell bying them to the doores, but do not stay,
You know I do not loue to be alone.

Go Susan and bid thy brother come,

But wherefore should he come? Here is nought but feare.

Stay Susan stay, and helpe to counsell me.

Susan. Alas I counsell, feare frights away my wi's,

Then they open the countinghouse doore,
and looke vppon Arden.

Ales. See Susan where thy quondam Maister lyes,
Swate Arden smicard in blode and filthy goze.

Susan. My brother, you, and I, shall rue this daide.

Ales. Come Susan help to lift his body forth,
And let our salt teares be his obsequies.

Here enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos. How now Ales whether will you beare him?

Ales. Swate Mosbie art thou come?

Then wepe that will.

I haue my withe in that I loy thy sight.

Gre. Well it hoves vs to be circumspect.

Mos.

of Heuersdame.

Mof. I for Franklin thinks that we haue murthred

Ales. I but he can not proue it for his lyfe, (him.)

Whe spend this night in valiance and in spoyle.

Here enters Michael

Mic. O my deere the Maioz and all the watch,
Are coming towards our house with glaues & billes.

Ales. Make the doze fall, let them not come in,

Mof. Tell me swete Ales how shal I escape?

Ales. Out at the back doze, ouer the pile of wodes,
And for one night ly at the floure deluce,

Mof. What is the next way to betray my selfe,

Gre. Alas M. Arden the watch will take me here,
And cause suspicion, where els would be none.

Ales. Why take that way that M. Mosbie doeth,
But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields

Mof. Until to morrow, swete Ales now farewel,
And see you confesse nothing in any case.

Gre. Be resolute M. Ales, betray vs not,
But cleaue to vs as we wil stick to you.

Exeunt Mosbie & Grene.

Ales. Now let the iudge and iuries do their worst,
My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

Susan. As we went it snowed al the way,
Which makes me feare, our footesteps will be spied.

Ales. Peace soe, the snow wil couer them againe.

Susan. But it had done befoze we came back againe.

Ales. Hearke hearke, they knocke,
go Michael let them in.

Here enters the Maioz and the Watch.

How now M. Maioz, haue you brought my husband home

Maioz. I sawe him come into your house an hour agoe

Ales. You are deceiued, it was a Londoner,

Maioz. M. Arden know you not one
that is called blacke Will.

Ales. I know none such, what meane these questions,

Maioz

I he Tragedye of M. Arden

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Maio. I haue the counsels warr and to apzehend him
Ales. I am glad it is no worse.
master Why M. maioz thinke you I harbour any such?
Ma. We are infozmd that here he is.
And therfoze pardon vs, soz we must search.
Ales I search and spare you not, thzough every rrome,
Where my husband at home, you would not offer this,
Here enters Francklin.
master M. Francklin what meane you come so sad.
Fra. Arden thy husband, and my frend, is aaine,
master Ales. Ah, by whome? M. Francklin can you tell?
Fra. I know not, but behind the abby,
master Where he yes murthzed in most pittious case,
Mai. But M. Francklin are you sure tis he,
Fra. I am to sure, would God I were deceiued.
Ales. finde out the Murthzers let them be knowne,
Fran. I so they shall, come you along with vs.
Ales Wherefoze?
Fran. know you this hand to wel and this knyfe?
Su. Ah michael thzough this thy negligence.
Thou hast betrayed and vndone vs all.
Mic. I was so affraide, I knew not what I did,
I thought I had thzowne them both into the well.
Ales. It is the pigs blode we had to supper.
But wherfoze say you? finde out the murthzers.
Ma. I feare me youle pzoone one of them your selfe.
Ales. I one of them, what meane such questions.
Fra. I feare me he was murthzed in this house.
And carried to the fields, soz from that place,
Backwards and sozwards may you see,
The print of many fete within the snow,
And loke about this chamber where we are,
And you shall finde part of his gittles blode,
For in his slipshoe did I finde some rashes.
Which argueth he was murthzed in this rrome.
Ma. Loke in the place where he was wont to sit.

of Feuershame.

See see his blood it is too manifest,

Ales It is a cup of Wine that Michael had.

Mic. I truly.

Fran. It is his blood, which strumpet thou hast had,
But if I live thou and thy accomplices,
Which have conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it.

Ales Ah O. Francklin God and heaven can tell,
I loved him more then all the world beside.
But bring me to him let me see his body.

Fra. Bring that villain and mosbie after too,
And one of you go to the stowze deluce.
And seeke for mosbie, and apprehend him too. Exeunt

Here enters shakebag solus.

Sh. The widow chably in her husbands dayes I kept
And now he's dead, she is growne so stout.
She will not know her old companions,
I came thither thinking to have had
Harbour as I was wont
And she was ready to thrust me out at doozes,
But whether she would or no, I got me by,
And as she followed me I spurnd her down the staires,
And broke her neck, and cut her tapsters throat,
And now I am going to sing them in the Wemes.
I haue the gould, what care I though it be knowne?
Ile crosse the water, and take sanctuary.

Exit shakebag.

Here enters the Maior, Mosbie, Ales, Francklin,
Michael and Susan.

Maior See O. Arden where your husband lyes.
Confesse this soules fault, and be penitent.

Ales Arden swete husband, what shall I say?
The more I sound his name, the more he bleedes.
This blood condemnes me, and in gushing forth
Speakes as it fallies, and askes me why I did it,
Forgiue me Arden, I repent me now,

The Tragedye of M. Arden

And would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not dye,
Kysse by swete Arden and enioy thy loue.

And frowne not on me when we mete in heauen,
In heauen I loue thee, though on earth I did not,

Maioꝛ Say Mosby what made the murthꝛ him,

Fra. Study not foꝛ an answer. loke not down
His purse and girdle found at thy beds head,

Witness sufficiently thou didst the deede.

It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.

Mos. I hysed black Will and Shakebagge,
Kuffynes both,

And they and I haue done this murthꝛous deed,

But wherefoꝛe stay we?

Come and beare me hence.

Fra. Whose Kuffins shall not escape.

I will by to London, and get the counsels warrand
to appꝛehend them. Exeunt.

Here enters Will.

Will. Shakebag I heare hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cryes,

Foꝛ petty robberies that I haue done,

What I can come vnto no Sanctuary.

Wherefoꝛe must I in some Wyller bote,

At last, be faine to go a boꝛd some Hoꝛe.

And so to Flushing there is no staying here,

At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me.

And had I not with my buckler couerd my head,

And run full blanck, at all aduentures,

I am sure I had nere gone further then that place,

Foꝛ the Constable had 20 warrands to appꝛehend me,

Besides that, I robbed him and his Man once

at Gades hill,

Farewell England, Ile to Flushing now. Exit Will.

Here enters the Maioꝛ, Mosby, Ales, Michaell,

Susan, and Bradshaw.

Maioꝛ. Come make haste & bying away the pꝛisoners.
Bradshaw

of Feuerhame.

Brad. M. Arden you are now going to God,
And I am by the law condemned to die.
About a letter I brought from M. Crâne,
I pray you M. Arden speak the truth,
Was I ever pricke to your intent or no?

Ales What should I say?

You brought me such a letter.

But I dare swear thou knewest not the contents.
Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things.
And let me meditate vpon my saviour Christ,
Whose blode must saue me for the blode I shed,

Mos. How long shall I liue in this hell of grieue?
Conuey me from the presence of that strumpet.

Ales. Ah but for thee I had neuer bene strumpet
What can not oathes and prote stations doe?
When men haue opportunity to woe.

I was too young to sound thy villanies.
But now I finde it, and repent too late.

Su. Ah gentle brother, wherefoze should I die.
I knew not of it, till the deed was don.

Mos. For thee I mourne moze then for my selfe,
But let it suffice, I can not saue thee now,

Mic. And if your brother and my Willres.
Had not promised me you in marriage,
I had nere giuen consent to this soule deede.

Maioe Leau to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall giue.
Beare Polbie and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed.

Beare M. Arden vnto Canterburge,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt.
Michaell and Bradshate in Feuerhame
must suffer death.

Ales Let my death make a mends for all my finnes,

Mos. If vpon women, this shall be my song.
But beare me hence, for I haue liued too long.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Susan Being no hope on earth, in heauen is my hope.

Mic. Faith I care not seeing I die with Susan.

Brad. My blode be on his head that gaue the sentence,

Maioꝛ To speedy execution with them all. Exeunt

Heere enters Francklin.

Fran. Thus haue you seene the truth of Ardens death
As foꝛ the Ruffins, Shabbag and blacke Will,
The one toke Sanctuary, and being sent foꝛ out,
Was murthred in Southwark, as he past
To Greene witch, where the Loꝛd Pꝛoteadoꝛ lay.
Black Will was burnt in flushing on a stage.
Greene was hanged at Wbꝛidge in Kent.
The Painter fled, & how he dyed we know not.
But this aboue the rest is to be noted,
Arden lay murthred in that plot of ground,
Which he by foꝛce and violence held from Kede.
And in the grasse his bodyes pꝛint was seene,
Two yeeres and moꝛe after the dæde was done
Gentlemen we hope youle pardon this naked Tragedy,
Wherin no filed points are foisted in,
To make it grattious to the eare oꝛ eye.
Foꝛ simple truth is grattious enough:
And needes no other points of glosing fluffe.

FINIS.



